WORLD REVIEW

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1948

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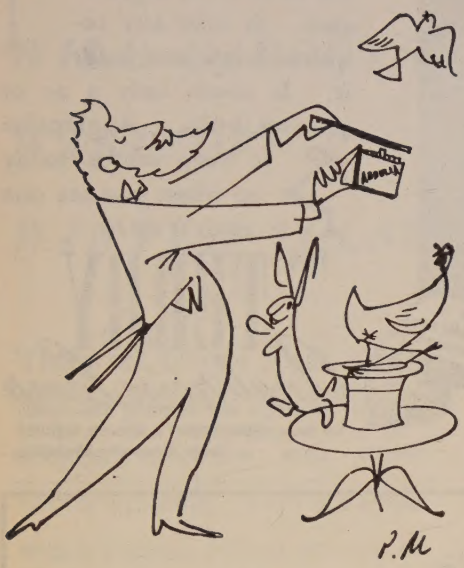

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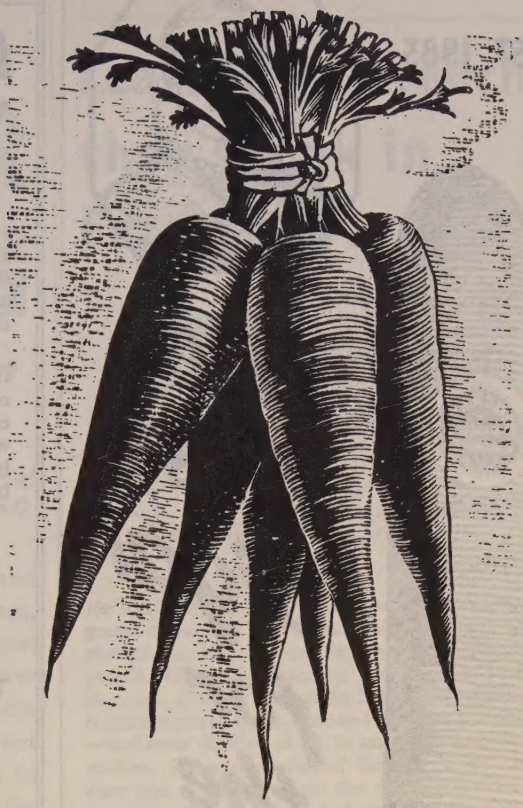

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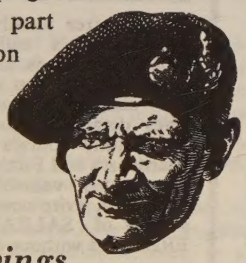

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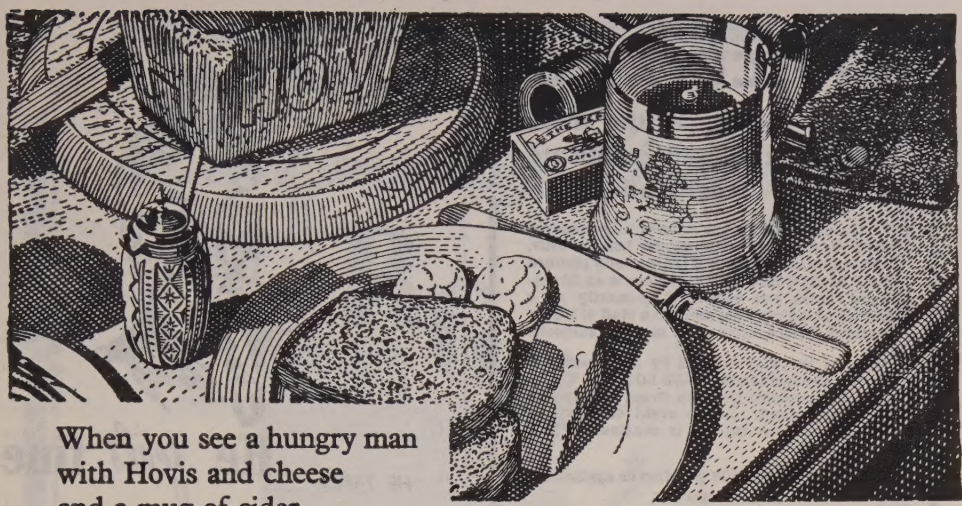

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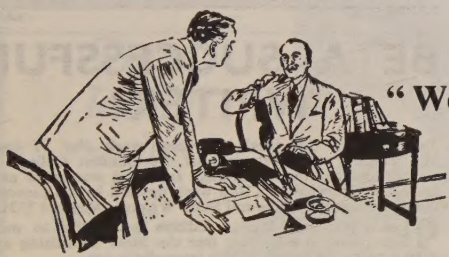

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The Way of the World

SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART, K.C.M.G.

As man is a slave to the best and worst habits, I make no excuse for making the turn of the year an occasion for reflecting on our past and speculating on our future prospects. The most cheerful note that I can sound is on the future. The year will have to be very bad indeed if it does not show some improvement on 1947, during which we gave up India and Burma, decided to evacuate Palestine, defaulted on the convertibility of sterling, and reduced our rations to an unprecedented low level of austerity, without doing very much to bridge the gap between earning and spending in our dollar balance.

To take home affairs first, a spate of municipal elections and by-elections in the last quarter of the year showed two clear results. First, although the Government have maintained their remarkable record of not losing a single by-election, there is a distinct, if not very strong, swing from Labour. It is more a drift away from Socialism than a pull towards Conservatism. Secondly, there is a real demand by the anti-Socialists for a positive policy from the Conservative Opposition. This demand is urged strongly by nearly all the young Conservatives. The days are gone when Conservatives could hope to get back to power on the swing of the pendulum and on the mistakes of their opponents. Many votes were lost at Gravesend by Mr. Churchill's unfortunate reference to the prosperity achieved by the United States by the removal of controls. Doubtless, it was cruel luck that President Truman should have chosen that moment to declare that, in order to avoid the worst perils of inflation, he wished to restore controls and impose price limits. The point, however, is that in Britain today a vastly more intelligent electorate may find controls irksome, but realises that neither this Government nor any other Government can remove them all at this stage. 'Set the people free' was therefore not a good election cry and was, I think, regarded by many electors as a vote-catching slogan which could not be put into effect. During the past year I should say that, as the man who did most to win the war, Mr. Churchill has increased in stature and in popularity, but has lost ground as leader of the Opposition. On the other hand, Mr. Eden's stock has risen steadily.

British Tolerance

Reviewing the whole electoral situation at home, I think that it reflects great credit on the enduring qualities of the English race, such as common sense, courage and patience. Changes in political opinion there have been, but not startling enough for anyone to say with absolute conviction that, if there were an election tomorrow, the Conservatives would win. But in times of exceptional difficulty and social upheaval there has been none of that

violence, hysteria and misuse of force so common in other parts of the world today. As Mr. Churchill said recently in Manchester, 'we know in this country—and foreigners do not understand it—how to fight out our political struggles and yet to preserve a great deal of that island life, tolerance and freedom which have been our glory, our happiness and an important element in our success.' I agree that foreigners do not understand the restraint and good temper of our politics, but they envy and admire it. Indeed, nothing else so enhances our prestige. That is why today every country in the world—except, of course, those dominated by Communists—desires to see Britain strong, and in most instances wishful thinking inspires the belief that she will be strong.

Europe and the United States

THE new year of 1948 should also witness the triumph, or at least the inauguration, of the so-called Marshall Plan which is, of course, a European plan initiated by Mr. Marshall in his Harvard speech of 5 June of last year. American aid to Europe has already been on a scale which in its munificence is unparalleled in history. Some nations have been thankful, and in 1945 UNRRA help undoubtedly prevented Czechoslovakia from being completely dominated by the Communists. But on the whole, Europe, including Britain, has been rather grudging in gratitude to the United States and inclined to suspect even in a free gift the bond of a Shylock. This attitude is resented with varying degrees of bitterness by all Americans, and if we were in their position, we should resent it with equal force. How far is this attitude general and what is the reason for it?

Certainly more recognition is given to Russia for generosity when she sells or promises to sell 100,000 tons of wheat at an absurdly high price to the Poles or the Czechs than is granted to the United States for all the goods, food and money that she has poured into Europe without hope of return. This sounds like an indictment of Europe, but I do not think that ingratitude is the right explanation of the European attitude. Many countries ardently desire American aid. Some are afraid to give expression to their desire. In others there is a certain lack of confidence in America's understanding of Europe. It goes back to 1919 when the Americans abandoned President Wilson and wrecked the League of Nations. Today many a small nation—for example, one of the Scandinavian countries—eager for help but afraid to commit itself to the West without full certainty—asks itself: will this not happen again in 1948, which is also the year of a Presidential Election? There is, too, the feeling that American help is always too little and too late. I do not agree that the 'too little' denotes any grudging instinct on the part of the Americans, but the delay which American constitutional difficulties impose between promise and performance tends to make a sum, more than generous when first proposed, inadequate when it arrives. Moreover, their violent obsession with the dangers of Communism sometimes makes the Americans blind to the obvious fact that help given to a country in which Communists form only a part of the Government aids the non-Communists, whereas its refusal plays into the hands of the Communists. The plain truth is that American policy is based today on a determination to stop the expansion of Communism, although during the recent war the policy was to prevent aggression and to

What is the right time? Will GENERAL EISENHOWER *ever judge the time ripe to accept nomination as Republican candidate for the Presidency?*

ensure that every nation, great or small, should have the government it desired. Paradoxically, therefore, the United States, by coming into the war and by making the greatest single contribution to victory, saved Russia for Communism. What is wanted in the world today is a single-minded determination to stop aggression from whatever direction it may come, and international unity of purpose would be easier to achieve under this heading than under the banner of an anti-Communist crusade.

Unfortunately, in the political warfare which now rages everywhere and which, indeed, is the weapon of the so-called cold war, the Russians have an obvious advantage over the Western democracies, for they alone can make rapid tactical changes without the cumbersome necessity of having to consult or to consider public opinion in their own country. Their long-term strategy may seem baffling, but in one respect it has been remarkably consistent. The Russians are conducting their political warfare, not against the enemies of the recent war, but against the two major Allies who contributed so largely to the Russian victory. This warfare began long before V-E Day. It started immediately after the relief of Stalingrad, when the Russians, realising that the war was won, began to move forward their Polish pawns. Conducted today in a score of foreign languages, it is waged against the Americans and the British with a persistent virulence and to an extent quite unrealised by the vast majority of British subjects. Speeches like M. Vyshinsky's diatribe at Lake Success are mild compared with the streams of abuse which flow daily from the Russian propaganda machine in Moscow. One of the main tasks of 1948 will be to ensure a cessation of this

Will Austria, focal centre of cold war in Europe, be able to make a free choice between East and West as symbolised in this Vienna scene?

warfare. Unless it can be stopped, peace treaties will not be worth the paper on which they are written. In this cold war the Russians have another advantage. They know where they are going, and that is as far down the path of Communist expansion as they dare without risking war. The British know where they are not going—and that is along the road to Communism. It may be a negative factor, but today it is the one stabilising asset which Europe possesses. Nobody is certain where the Americans are going because they are not sure themselves.

General Eisenhower for President?

In this connection it would be foolish to under-estimate the effect of the Presidential Election on the prospects of American aid to Europe. At present Russia is the main topic of conversation in almost every American household, but as the election campaign gains momentum, home affairs will tend to loom larger until, in the final excitement of the convention, they exclude all other matters. During the past twelve months the American political scene has undergone a transformation. A year ago the Republicans were supremely confident of victory and were prepared to give odds on their success. Since then their stock has declined and President Truman's has gone up, and today much of their cocksureness has evaporated. They are not satisfied with their prospective candidates, and it was a Republican who coined the recent wisecrack that the Party would lose still more ground if Senator Taft continued to speak for it and Governor Dewey to be silent about it. In these circumstances the chances of General Eisenhower's candidature must be given serious consideration. So far he has given no indication of his willingness to stand, although he has let it be known—or others have done it for him—that his family antecedents are Republican. He is a most correct, as well as a most distinguished, soldier and, so long as he remained Chief of Staff, he resolutely refused to interfere in politics. But General Bradley has now been nominated as his successor, and General Eisenhower himself will soon be relieved of his self-imposed vow of silence. His supporters believe not only that he is the ideal candidate to slip in between the rival claims of Senator Taft and Governor Dewey, but also that he will command a considerable number of Democratic votes. They are therefore very confident of his success. In the early days of the campaign it is foolish to speculate and dangerous to bet on any presidential election in the United States, and in the past many a likely victor has slipped at the last moment through some blunder either of his supporters or of his own making. I do not know how much General

Eisenhower understands of domestic politics, but as a man of sterling character, firm decision, equable temperament, and supreme tact he commands the highest respect. He owes his remarkable success as Supreme Commander of an integrated Anglo-American force to other qualities than those of a professional soldier. No other soldier in the war was so quick in mastering the politico-strategic problems which total war imposes on a Commander-in-Chief. Certainly no one else adapted himself so readily to the whims and moods of Prime Ministers and Presidents or so rapidly won their affection and high regard. In his own quiet way he has amassed a sound and comprehensive knowledge of world affairs, and he has the wisdom and, above all, the fairness of a great judge.

France's Dilemma

EVERY British subject will hope that 1948 will bring peace and unity to France. Both in this country and in the United States the civil commotion which has thrown French democracy into confusion has been widely interpreted as an attempt by the French Communists, carrying out M. Zdanov's instructions, to wreck the Marshall scheme of aid for France before it can enter into operation. Although the economic plight of France is distressful and gives rise to legitimate grievances, the strikes and riots which have disturbed the life of the country have been purely political in character and, indeed, bear some resemblance to the Bolshevik rehearsal of revolution in Petrograd in July 1917. Certainly if anything could tempt General de Gaulle to carry out a *coup d'état*—and at the moment of writing the issue is still undecided—it would be the violent tactics employed by the French Communists.

There is, however, a wider aspect of the French problem. The malaise from which France is suffering is still a direct consequence of the collapse of 1940. It would be a grave error on our part to assume that Franco-British friendship can be left to take care of itself. The French, the most cultured and perhaps the proudest people in the world, are suffering today from an inferiority complex, and, although it may seem cruel to say so, there is much truth in the statement that subconsciously they resent the knowledge that we resisted in 1940 when, like them, we should have collapsed. And the knowledge that our unpreparedness was partly the cause of their collapse does not help to heal the wound. Parliamentary democracy in France is fighting for its very existence, and its survival will depend very much on the tact and sympathy which the Americans and British will bring to the understanding of France's problems.

Italy, Austria and Czechoslovakia

THREE other European countries are almost certain to command the attention of the world during the early part of the New Year. On a somewhat smaller scale the Italian Communists have been imitating the tactics of the French Communists and by local strikes, minor riots, and threats of a general strike have been probing the strength of the Italian Government. Outwardly the body politic and economic of Italy looks a good deal healthier than that of France. The Italian people are working well and have made commendable progress towards recovery. But in Italy the Communist strength is concentrated on the industrial North, and after the withdrawal of the British and American forces, the Communists may be tempted to renew

MR. PIERSON DIXON *takes up his post as Ambassador to Czechoslovakia this month. His great knowledge of international problems should act as a stabilising influence*

their probings in a more dangerous form.

As the focal centre of the cold war in Europe, Austria can recover neither physically nor morally. By tradition, culture and sympathy her people belong to the West, and one cannot help feeling that all the delays over the Austrian Treaty, including the protracted squabble over what are and what are not 'German' assets, are the visible evidence of Russia's determination to prevent Austria linking herself with the Western democracies. Austria's plight should command urgency as well as sympathy, and both Britain and the United States should bear in mind that the Austrians are a sick people and that deferred hopes are not a cure for either the heart or the body. The long delay in the conclusion of the Austrian Treaty has been perhaps the worst failure of Anglo-American diplomacy.

Like Austria, Czechoslovakia is in the front line of the 'cold' war. It is still on the outside edge of the iron curtain and has not yet had the full heat of Russian pressure applied to it. But there is to be a general election in the spring, and competent observers of the country have been perturbed by the recent statement of M. Gottwald, the Communist Prime Minister, that the Communists are certain of obtaining 51 per cent of the votes. Presumably he means that, with a majority of one per cent, the Communists will be able to do what they like. In point of fact, given free elections, the result is far from certain. The return to Prague of M. Masaryk, who has a strong hold on the affections of the people, should be a stabilising influence, and so should the arrival of Mr. Pierson Dixon, the new British Ambassador, who takes up his post this month. As Principal Private Secretary first to Mr. Eden and then to Mr. Bevin, Mr. Dixon has attended all the more important war and post-war conferences and has a unique knowledge of international problems.

White Man's Twilight

As far as trouble goes, Asia is likely to occupy more and more of our attention, for Russia is a semi-Asiatic Power who, throughout her history, has always swayed between an Eastern and a Western orientation. Today she can afford the luxury of indulging in both policies at the same time and, as she has shown by her recent attempt to form something which looks very like an Eastern Cominform, she can not only spread the gospel of Communism in the East but also pose as an Oriental among Orientals. Because the Americans hold the master position in Japan and she wishes to nullify their power to influence the Japanese, she is as eager for a Far Eastern settlement as she is

reluctant to abandon her own vantage positions in Austria and Germany.

Her influence in Asia must not be under-estimated. If she wishes to exercise it in a hostile sense, it can be very great. The East is awake. India has been given her independence and must work out her own salvation. Burma has chosen to cut all her ties with Britain; unwisely, perhaps, for she is a small nation on which India and China may one day turn covetous eyes. I shall be surprised if she retains her independence for more than fifteen years. I also doubt whether the Dutch will ever recover a footing in Indonesia. Malaya, our richest colony, is therefore left in a precarious position. Already the alien Chinese outnumber the Malays, and if the Indians and other races are added, the alien majority is nearly a million out of a total population of just over five millions. Not unnaturally, the Malays are now alarmed by this adverse balance and, terrified by the prospect of further immigration and by the intensive breeding of the Chinese, have developed for the first time an acute national consciousness. Although there are Communist and nationalist elements among both main sections of the populations, there are also pro-British elements and, in spite of the initial blunders of the Colonial Office after the war, the still top-heavy structure of the administration, and the irritating delay in putting the new constitution into force, a wise and enlightened administration can maintain itself for some time to the benefit of the whole community. The pending departure of Lord Killearn should ease the administrative problem, and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who has shown tact and understanding and is respected by both Malays and Chinese, should now be able to breathe more freely.

Far Eastern events leave Malaya, our richest colony, in a precarious position. Great responsibility for her future falls on MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD

Asia for the Asiatics

BUT even in Malaya there will be inevitable changes, and on our wisdom in anticipating them will depend our influence on the shape of events and our power to safeguard our interests in the country. Even the pro-British elements among the Chinese and Malays have a new outlook and are no longer content to accept the supremacy of the white man. One of the greatest authorities on Malaya told me recently, during a short visit to this country, that the most effective piece of propaganda of the war was done not by the Russians but by the Japanese. It consisted of the single slogan: 'Asia for the Asiatics'. And, although Japan is eliminated from this former centre of her ambitions, Russia is sufficiently Oriental to keep the slogan going with the assurance of a favourable reception.

Symbol of an earlier failure—the Peace Palace at Geneva, now planned as the meeting-place for the Peoples' World Constituent Assembly in 1950

WORLD GOVERNMENT BY 1955?

World Government has been discussed by theorists for centuries—but now it is urgent practical politics. Can THE PLAN and other organisations combine to make it effective in the near future?

JAMES AVERY JOYCE Chairman of the World Unity Movement

'How are we to create World Government in time to prevent the approaching war?'

This direct question prefaces the PLAN FOR WORLD GOVERNMENT BY 1955 which an unofficial Parliamentary Committee, with Gordon Lang, M.P. as Chairman and Henry Usborne, M.P. (the chief author of THE PLAN) as Secretary, published last autumn, with the support of nearly a hundred of their fellow M.P.s—most of them Labour, but with a sprinking of other parties, too.

The audaciousness and forthrightness of this appeal has already provoked a widespread—if somewhat cautious—response, not only within this country, but outside our shores. Its opportuneness and terrible urgency cannot be exaggerated; and the purpose of this article is, first, to outline and comment on THE PLAN as it stands, and then to relate it to other World Government schemes which are clamouring to be heard.

Voluntary societies in Great Britain have always played a conspicuous part as whipping-boys of public opinion and have, again and again, prepared the way for national reforms. Now, it would seem, we are witnessing the beginning of a campaign of international action, initiated by small groups of enthusiasts in several countries simultaneously, which, if it succeeds, will save the world; if it fails, will render most other reforms academic.

The authors of THE PLAN have no doubt as to their answer to the question already posed:

'If war is to be prevented, World Government must speedily be created which will take over all the existing national armed forces of the world in order to convert them from the separate sovereign instruments of war, which is what they now are, into a single instrument for world law enforcement, which is what they ought to be.'

But can the United Nations secure this result? No! UNO, under the terms of its Charter, is unable to make this change *in time* to prevent the war. The U.N. Charter cannot be effectively amended without risking the destruction of the Organisation. The Great Powers are unable to agree on the terms of the necessary amendments, and the Charter makes such amendments impossible without unanimous Great Power assent. It follows, therefore, that another World Organisation to replace UNO must be created, which has the necessary powers, with membership open to all nations willing to forego national sovereignty in order to achieve peace.

What, then, is this alternative organisation?

THE PLAN (which, incidentally, has been announced under several titles, so we shall keep to that simple designation in this article to avoid confusion) does not pretend to present a coherent scheme of World Government. It is intended as an interim, short-term *method* for getting World Government set up. In this regard, THE PLAN, unlike many 'peace' projects, wears the air of immediate practicability. It offers a cut-and-dried programme of public *action*. And its sponsorship carries a guarantee of sincerity and public responsibility.

In order to work out the details of World Government, and to draw up its Charter, it is proposed to hold a PEOPLES' WORLD CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY in Geneva in the autumn of 1950. Representatives from all countries, *one for every million of their inhabitants*, are to be elected by 'the people'. Details of the required World Charter will, it is hoped, emerge from this unofficial but, presumably, expert conference after about a year of deliberations, sub-committees, resolutions and so forth.

But how are these representatives to be picked? Here we come to the heart of THE PLAN. A nation-wide unofficial ballot is to be held during the summer of 1950 in every country where such a proceeding is feasible.

Electing Representatives

Without desiring to be dogmatic on how other countries should select *their* representatives, THE PLAN lays down that the United Kingdom should be divided into four multi-member constituencies: England, Scotland, Ireland (*sic*) and Wales. By 1950 there will have been drawn up in England, for example, a panel of candidates, being eminent citizens well-known to the public, including many M.P.s, and from this list the English people will be asked to choose thirty-eight names to be their representatives at the Assembly.

A selection committee of the Parliamentary Group has already been at work on the list, and among those so far 'screened' are Sir John Boyd Orr, Lord Beveridge, and a dozen or so lesser-known individuals prominent in local government, teaching and town-planning.

In the summer of 1950 the names of all the English candidates will be printed on a single ballot-paper, which will, it is hoped, be distributed by a vast organisation of voluntary workers, led by a nucleus of paid organisers, to every citizen whose name is on the current parliamentary register. Each elector will be asked to put crosses opposite the names of the thirty-eight people of his choice.

No form of electoral machinery seems yet to have been devised. Those who were, however, engaged—like the present writer—in the initial planning and central organisation of the Peace Ballot of 1934–5 (which produced a final count of no less than eleven-and-a-half million votes) will be aware of the prior requirements of laborious and meticulous planning between

headquarters and hundreds of local committees, as well as the tactful co-ordination of an incredible variety of voluntary bodies and their local branches and groups, if the machinery is to work at all. A hundred years of development and a score of Acts of Parliament lie behind the State's present electoral system, which enthusiastic parliamentarians, especially young ones, are apt to take for granted. Organisation does not drop down from the sky. However beneficial, therefore, its long-term educational results may be, a scheme of this magnitude will stand or fall by the businesslike brilliance, or otherwise, of its execution. Haphazard and 'starry-eyed' administration would do much more than ruin so noble an effort as far as this country is concerned; it would put back the cause of World Government everywhere.

As far as it goes at present, all volunteers are being advised to get in touch with their nearest candidate, and to work for him. It will be the object of candidates, with their supporters, to undertake that every citizen in the United Kingdom, by the summer of 1950, is fully informed of the elections to be held. Candidates will, in due course, write their election addresses, which will be printed separately and distributed by post or published in various periodicals.

Since, however, so much is at stake and ends and means are inseparable in all social movements, no light responsibility rests on the planners to ensure top-quality organisation from start to finish.

All this means money. The authors claim: 'We estimate that in England alone more than 500,000 voluntary workers will be required, and approximately £1,000,000 must be raised to finance it.' Incidentally, a total of about 200,000 voluntary part-time workers were engaged on the Peace Ballot of 1934–5, and its headquarters' budget barely exceeded £70,000.

The elected representatives of all the nations will then foregather at Geneva. This Constituent Assembly will sit continuously until a Charter of World Government has been completed, when the Assembly will be dissolved—sometime in 1951.

But, in order to set up the World Government, as described in the Geneva Charter, it will next be necessary for that Charter to be *ratified* by the separate Governments of the nations of the world. As regards the United Kingdom, the authors say:

'We shall wait until a subsequent general election takes place in the ordinary course of events. At that general election it will then be the intention of those of us who have taken part in this campaign to insist that the ratification of our Geneva Charter becomes the main plank on the platform of all the major parties in Britain.'

Wishful Thinking?

The future picture is sketched in by bold strokes. But the authors go on to assert that if, in the United Kingdom, during the course of that campaign, at least a quarter of the population have taken part in the unofficial ballot, 'it is a *political certainty* that at the subsequent general election we can induce the new Parliament in Westminster to ratify the Geneva Charter.'

Surely, this degree of *politcial certainty* (our italics) is not to be taken seriously? To enthuse a democractic people like ours to vote representatives on to an unofficial World Assembly is one thing. The present writer, having watched the day-to-day development of the former Peace Ballot from the inside, is convinced that this part of the formidable task *can* be done, and *should* be done. But, even assuming that some epoch-changing document can be drafted within a twelvemonth or so by such a heterogeneous and unwieldy conference as is inevitable in the circumstances, is it not a trifle naïve to expect the Mother of Parliaments, within the space of a further year or two, to 'ratify' it—that is to say, to hand over by a deliberate act of state the fundamental powers of government to a, then, *non-existent* supranational body? Does not this aspect of THE PLAN call for second thoughts?

Since the prime object of this article is to commend THE PLAN as perhaps the most courageous and challenging moral

and psychological contribution yet made to break the international deadlock which now holds the world in its grip of fear, it would be unfair to criticise THE PLAN for what it does not attempt to do. For it is only as an afterthought, as it were, that some hints are given at the end of THE PLAN as to what organs the projected World Government should consist of. It is to have a monopoly of armed force; own and control atomic development; direct an international bank and currency and administer a world food board. Its relations to the European Unity and the Russian problem, in particular, are left over for further treatment; and a 'text-book' is promised, shortly, explaining what kind of World Government is in fact envisaged. Thus THE PLAN is admittedly a first step—a strategy, not a blueprint.

To some anxious students of world organisation, however, it might seem that THE PLAN leaves off where it ought to begin. That is to say, the kind of World Government we *want* will surely determine the method and manner by which we shall reach it? Here there exist, roughly, *three* schools of thought—putting aside the people who think they can get World Government by starting with Europe (or even Russia!) and working slowly outwards. There are those who want to amend and build on UNO; but, as their case has been summarily disposed of at the beginning of THE PLAN, we will not revert to them. The other two—which are equally concerned for the *de novo* approach to World Government—are the 'federalists' and the 'functionalists'. To the historian of the future—if such there be—these two attitudes may well represent a world-scale projection of the famous Hamilton-Jefferson debate on the founding of that other Union nearly two centuries earlier. History always repeats itself differently, as the Irishman said.

International Co-operation

THE PLAN's present shortcomings are, to some extent, however, happily supplemented by the advent of a really remarkable similar development on the international plane—remarkable both for its passionate idealism and its seeming disregard of the intermediate steps—which emerged at a conference of nearly five hundred 'federalists' and other World Government supporters from over a score of nations, held in Montreux last August, under the title of the WORLD MOVEMENT FOR WORLD FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. The declared purpose of this World Movement is 'to unite all organisations which seek the creation of a World Federal Government, having a defined sphere of jurisdiction limited to world affairs, functioning through a legislature to make world law, a judiciary to interpret it, and an executive with adequate powers to enforce it upon individuals.'

A representative Council (presided over by a Frenchman), an Executive Committee (with a British Chairman), and a permanent bureau (with an American as Secretary) have been established; publicity and propaganda have been planned and funds raised; and affiliations from national societies are steadily coming in. The British PLAN, which was presented at the Montreux Conference as an exemplar for all to follow, as *one* of the short-term steps towards the common goal, must therefore be assessed against the background of this wider programme. THE PLAN's authors are, at the moment of writing, negotiating a federation with other 'federalist' groups in this country, such as Federal Union, which has been the fertile mother of these other movements, so as to constitute together the British branch of the World Movement, while preserving as much organisational autonomy to each as possible.

No space is available in this article (which has concentrated on British experience) to describe the worthy parallel efforts proceeding in many other countries. In the U.S.A., for instance, it is becoming impossible for even the most ardent disciple to keep pace with the World Government movements which are springing up; and each new merger between them only throws up yet new groups with barely

distinguishable titles. This is all to the good, and is a refreshing reminder when we contemplate foreign policy that no one country is just one country.

But space must be found, finally, to summarise the scheme of somewhat longer-term education, research and publicity initiated by yet another British group, eighteen months ago, called 'The Campaign for World Government', which attempts to co-ordinate the activities in this field of various voluntary bodies (not necessarily 'peace' movements) which have a general concern for world affairs.[1]

The Functional Approach

This group starts with the idea of World Unity as its central aim, and insists that respect for *individual personality* and the conviction that mankind is fundamentally one, must alike pervade those political, economic and social organs which are now urgently needed on a world-wide basis to ensure peace, justice and welfare for the world community. It advocates not a cataclysmic political act, but the *progressive* creation of World Government, beginning at an early date with those institutions which are most urgent or for which there exists a wide measure of popular assent, and utilising, where appropriate, existing United Nations machinery. The evolution of World Government along these lines would, of course, not deprive state governments of their functions of predominantly national concern.

It then enumerates five objectives (to be amplified later) on which the participating societies have, in general, taken their stand, namely:

World Administration. The development of international functional and specialist agencies such as the I.L.O., UNESCO, a World Atomic Development Authority, a World Food Board and World Airways, to constitute as quickly as possible executive *departments* of World Government, so that all peoples will be assured of those standards of life which modern science and unified planning and sharing of the earth's resources today make possible.

World Citizenship. A charter of Universal Human Rights and Duties guaranteeing the Four Freedoms to each member of the world community, and, for the service of this community, a category of World Citizens recognised as owning allegiance to mankind as a whole.

World Parliament. An Assembly directly elected from the peoples and empowered to legislate in *specified* matters of universal concern.

World Justice. The establishment of a World Supreme Court which shall be the accepted organ for integrating and developing World Law, superior to state laws in its appointed sphere.

World Order. The abolition of national armaments and the control by a World authority of such force as may be required for police purposes to bring to justice *individuals* offending against World Law.

Not the least achievement of this Campaign was the acceptance (under the skilled Chairmanship of Dr. C. E. M. Joad and Rev. Henry Carter, C.B.E.) of the above platform by over a score of organisations or committees. And, although the 'federalist' organisations have since thrown in their lot with the new Crusade, and some of the pacifist bodies asserted their sovereign right to remain aloof, the experience so far gained of cordial co-operation and the pooling of resources between federalists, functionalists, pacifists, UNO-ists, and many other 'ists', on a broad constructive programme of this order, augurs well for the success of the negotiations which are now proceeding between all the voluntary movements mentioned in this article for the more effective *liaison*, co-ordination and intensification of public action towards World Government on both a national and an international level.

[1] As THE PLAN has recently adopted a new title, namely, 'The Crusade for World Government', the 'Campaign' are considering changing theirs to 'Council for World Government' (or some other less pretentious term) so as to avoid confusing the public and to make its own contribution to the 'Crusade' in its capacity of a co-ordinating body of sympathetic organisations and individuals who are not all able or willing to be brought directly under the 'Crusade' as it stands.

Rumania Today

Dr. Maniu, the last link with the Western democracies, has been ruthlessly imprisoned. Rumania, against the wishes of her population, is now sealed behind the iron curtain

DEREK PATMORE

THE recent trial and life sentence imposed upon Dr. Juliu Maniu, the leader of the National Peasant Party, now dissolved, marks the end of a political era in Rumania. These events mean that Moscow has decided that the time has come for sterner measures to be taken in order that Rumania can conform to the pattern now being imposed on the whole of Eastern Europe by the Soviet Union. For Dr. Maniu had long been the symbol of Rumanian democracy and Socialism. An ardent patriot, he had spent many years fighting so that his native Transylvania should be joined to Rumania, and he led the resistance against the Nazis during the recent world war. It was Dr. Maniu, also, who helped young King Michael to make his *coup d'état* in 1944, which made a breach in the Nazi Eastern Front and allowed the Red Army to enter Rumania, and then into the rest of Eastern and Central Europe.

Whatever political mistakes Dr. Maniu may have made, he had always worked for the welfare of his country, and no Western democracy would have condemned him for the alleged charges laid against him by the present Rumanian Government. But the fact remains that he was condemned, despite protests from both Great Britain and the United States, and this leads us to an examination of the present situation in Rumania. What is this new legal code that permits men, whose only sin has been that they dared to profess pro-Anglo-Saxon sympathies and attacked Communism, to be condemned to death or life imprisonment? The answer is that it is the new code of the Soviet Russian version of democracy. (Democracy has replaced the label 'Communism' in all Soviet-controlled countries.)

People in Great Britain are still apt to be deceived by the Soviet use of the word 'democracy'. But events are slowly making them realise that there are now two forms of democracy being enforced throughout the world. For it must be understood that the Soviet Russians and their Communist followers firmly believe that their form of democracy—a Greek word meaning the rule of the people—is the only one that will bring happiness and prosperity to the masses. Moreover, Moscow believes that it is legitimate to enforce such a form of government by any means, however ruthless, within its power.

In the past, Rumania, like other Balkan countries, has survived because of the rivalry of the Great Powers in Eastern Europe. Also her strategic position of controlling the mouth of the Danube made her an important pawn in international affairs during two world wars. Today, Rumania stands alone. Red Army troops still occupy her territory and, although Bucharest has resumed diplomatic relations with the Western powers, only one great power controls her destiny—the Soviet Union. The traditional balance of power in Europe, on which Rumanian independence was built, has disappeared. Dr. Maniu, like other Rumanian political leaders, failed to appreciate this fact and he has paid the penalty.

When I returned to Rumania just after the King's *coup d'état* in 1944, I had several opportunities of discussing Rumania's

DR. MANIU, *champion of Rumanian democracy and Socialism. His reward: imprisonment for life*

future with Dr. Maniu. Maniu was then Minister without Portfolio in the Government (a Coalition of the main parties) and the Soviet Russian authorities felt the need of his great national prestige. Like the other elderly political leaders in Bucharest, Maniu believed that his country would have its future guaranteed by the three victorious powers, Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union. He did not foresee that the Soviet Union would end by having sole direction of Rumanian affairs. He also believed that Rumania would have a chance of a freely-elected democratic government in the Western sense of the word. In believing these facts, he was encouraged by the apparent moderation of the Soviet Russian authorities. It must be admitted that his views were shared by myself and the other foreign correspondents in Bucharest at this time.

Doubts began to occur in Dr. Maniu's mind after the signing of the Rumanian armistice in Moscow. A provisional armistice had been signed in Cairo before the *coup d'état* and the terms were generous. The Moscow armistice terms signed after the *coup d'état* went back on many of the original terms agreed and were considerably harsher. Maniu was quite open in his disgust and in my presence accused the Soviet Russians of double-dealing. But he still hoped that the Anglo-Saxon bloc would be able to redress what he considered a temporary injustice to Rumania. He also began to fear the growing power of the Rumanian Communist Party. Still, as leader of the largest single political party in Rumania, he felt he would triumph in the promised general elections. But, in order to strengthen his party's position, he offered, perhaps unwisely, to allow ex-Iron Guard members to join the National Peasant Party. He was attacked on this friendly gesture to the Iron Guards—the Rumanian Fascist Movement—at his trial, despite the fact that a great number of ex-Iron Guard members are now enrolled in the Rumanian Communist Party.

Same Dreary Pattern

However, an armistice honeymoon atmosphere remained over Rumania until March 1945 when Moscow decided to show its hand. Vyshinsky appeared in Bucharest and demanded an audience with the King. During this stormy interview, Vyshinsky expressed Moscow's displeasure with the Coalition Government then in power, demanded its resignation and gave the King two hours in which a new government should be formed—this government being already chosen by the Soviet Russians. The young King was forced to comply with Vyshinsky's virtual ultimatum and the Communisation of Rumania had begun. Dr. Groza's Ploughmen's Front Party, with the Rumanian Communists in key cabinet positions, came into power, and Dr. Maniu and his National Peasant Party, as well as the Bratianu Liberals, soon found themselves excluded from all political affairs. The liquidation of Maniu's party was now only a question of time, and any hope that the Rumanian people might be given a chance of experiencing democratic government in the Western sense had disappeared.

This brief résumé of events in Rumania since the armistice is necessary if one is to understand the present situation. Outwardly, it repeats the dreary pattern of political manœuvres executed by the Soviet Union in neighbouring countries such as Poland, Bulgaria, and Hungary. In reality, the Maniu trial is one of the most discouraging events in international affairs since the war. For Maniu and his National Peasant Party would have polled eighty per cent of the votes in a free election, according to neutral observers, and they have been liquidated solely because they represented the Anglo-Saxon idea of democratic government. In condemning Maniu, Moscow has scored a definite victory and dealt another blow to Anglo-Saxon diminishing prestige in Eastern Europe.

But how does the average Rumanian react to the Maniu trial and the present government? The answer is, with hopeless resignation. Dr. Maniu was identified in the Rumanian mind with Anglo-Saxon friendship and protection. His fall makes the average Rumanian feel that he has nothing to hope for from the West.

Reliable reports that have reached me recently from Bucharest confirm the general feeling that Moscow has now decided to pursue a policy in Rumania which will render the country virtually another republic belonging to the Soviet Union and may render the position of young King Michael untenable. Any opposition to such a policy will be ruthlessly repressed and, since the removal of Dr. Maniu from the political scene, the only liberal-minded politician left in the Groza Government, the Foreign Minister, M. George Tataresco, has been forced to resign. Finally, not content with removing all possible opposition, Moscow has now placed its leading Rumanian Communist in the key post of Foreign Minister. For the new Foreign Minister, Anna Pauker, has long been the most formidable of the Soviet-trained Rumanian Communists.

Portrait of a Woman!

Anna Pauker, a forceful-looking woman with bobbed grey hair and using no make-up, was born in Moldavia in 1893. Her father was a Rabbi. Starting life as a teacher in a Jewish school, she soon became attracted to the Extreme Left political doctrines and joined the Communist Party in 1921. Extremely intelligent, a born agitator, she participated in all the labour troubles in the early 'thirties and, when the Rumanian Government threatened to arrest her, she was smuggled into the Soviet Union in

Derek Patmore, an acknowledged expert on Balkan and Middle Eastern affairs, was special correspondent, first for the *News Chronicle* and then for the *Daily Mail*, in Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey. He first visited Rumania in 1938 and wrote *Invitation to Rumania*. He was in Rumania when the Germans entered the country and narrowly escaped being interned. During his Balkan adventures, he was condemned to death in his absence by the Fascist Government in Rumania for his outspoken articles about the country.

Before taking up journalism, he led a varied life. Born in 1908 and educated at Uppingham, he began working when he was eighteen and soon won recognition as an authority on modern interior decoration. Always keen on the theatre, he is part-author, with Marguerite Steen, of the theatrical success 'French for Love'. He is the author of several travel books, *Images of Greece*, etc., as well as a biography, *Portrait of my Family*. Ambition: 'Like all newspaper men, I want to write a good novel.' He has already begun one about life in modern Turkey.

DR. GROZA, *Russian-sponsored Prime Minister of Rumania, with* KING MICHAEL, *whose position is unenviable*

1935 through the aid of the Soviet Minister in Bucharest. In 1936 she returned to Rumania and was arrested by the Government under King Carol. She then spent five years in a Rumanian women's prison. After the German occupation of Rumania, the Soviet Union were anxious to free her and, in 1942, Anna Pauker was exchanged for Ion Codreanu who was being held by the Russians.

Anna Pauker soon began to play an important part in Soviet Russian foreign policy. She was an executive member of the Comintern, and was the moving spirit in forming the Tudor Vladimiresco Division —a division recruited from amongst Rumanian soldier prisoners which fought with the Soviets against the Germans and Rumanians. A close collaborator with such Communist leaders as Thorez and Manuilsky, Anna Pauker is believed to be a strong advocate of nationalist Communism and her aim has always been to make her own country a model Communist state. When the Red Army entered Rumania after the armistice, Anna Pauker turned up at Foçsani in Moldavia and was soon back in Bucharest directing the foreign affairs policy in the Rumanian Communist Party. Even in the autumn of 1944, after Rumania's liberation, she was already the *éminence grise* of the Rumanian Communist Party. No major decision was ever taken without her advice and recently she was one of the two Rumanian delegates to the new Cominform. The mother of three children, her husband, Pauker, was executed in the Soviet Union as a Trotskyist—an interesting sidelight on the career of the woman who now rules Rumania.

What of the Future?

The emergence of Anna Pauker as Foreign Minister is significant as it underlines once again that the Soviet Union is impatient to complete the subjugation of Rumania. She is without heart, cold, ruthless, and fanatically devoted to the Communist cause.

The question now arises: 'Will the Rumanians accept the plans of the present régime and is there any resistance?' Neutral observers report there has been an underground revival of the Iron Guard Movement since the Maniu trial, but that on the whole the people are accepting the future designed for them by Moscow. As one Rumanian said to me: 'What can

we do against the Red Army and the machine-guns of our own police?' However, it would be unwise to prophesy too much. The Rumanians throughout their long and tortured history have always shown a surprising aptitude for passive resistance. Like the Chinese, they bow before the conqueror but remain staunchly patriotic underneath. Furthermore, the Rumanians have never really had a chance to enjoy democratic government as we know it, so that they are more easily beguiled by the Soviet Union version of a 'people's government'.

It must also be admitted in fairness to the Soviet Russian authorities that they have shown considerable ability in winning over the Rumanian intellectual and middle classes. Today, Rumanian painters, writers, musicians and actors enjoy a privileged position in Bucharest. The Rumanian theatre is flourishing, and the Russians are supporting various gifted Rumanian musicians. Many of the peasants, too, have been glad to profit by the recent expropriation of the last of the great landed estates and they show little regret at the passing of the old aristocracy. But the people are worried at the manner in which Moscow has captured the whole of Rumanian industry and agriculture. Before the recent world war, Rumania had a flourishing trade with neighbouring countries like Turkey and even some of the Western powers. Today, the bulk of Rumanian produce goes to the Soviet Union, either by the new trade agreements signed between the two countries or in payment of Rumania's large armistice debt to the Soviet Russians. Moreover, the cost of supporting the Red Army, still stationed in the country, is draining the national resources already weakened by the war.

The Rumanians, being realists, know that their only hope of survival today is to follow the political pattern laid down by Moscow for the whole of Eastern Europe. In Soviet Russian eyes, Rumania is only a small part of the vast defensive system being built up round the Soviet Union. Watching Europe from the Kremlin, the

ANNA PAUKER, *ruthless Communist Foreign Minister of Rumania. Received her 'training' in Russia*

leaders of the Soviet Union regard Rumania as one of the doors to the rest of Europe and therefore vital to Soviet Russian security. There is no hatred for the Rumanians. Indeed, many Soviet Russians told me they consider them as Slav brothers. But Rumania must learn to enjoy the benefits of Russian democracy and forget about the decadent systems of the West. Given a few more years, it seems likely that the majority of Rumanians will acquiesce and become good Communist citizens. Only a few of the older generation will remember Dr. Maniu and the other Liberal leaders with a sigh. After all, the United States, for all its power and wealth, is a long way away from Rumania, whilst the Soviet Union is next door!

Summing up the whole situation, it must be ruefully admitted that Anglo-Saxon prestige is at a low ebb in Rumania since the Maniu trial. Can Moscow stamp out all memories of the past? Only future history can give us the reply. We shall see whether the Soviet Russians can succeed in a country which in the past has defied the colonising efforts of the Germans, the Turks, and the Byzantines.

A Journey to Keflavik

Caught in the machine of power politics by the development of aerial warfare, Iceland finds the loss of her neutrality a high price to pay for material prosperity

STEFAN SCHIMANSKI

To most people the name of Iceland conjures up a vision of a remote island lying on the edge of the Arctic circle, a cold and grim land, tortured and troubled by wintry storms and furious gales, distorted and dislocated by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

In the past, few travellers have taken the long and arduous road across the sea into those northern mists; and still fewer have brought back inviting tales from their journeys. One of them likened the whole of Iceland to a 'burnt-out lava field'. 'The general impression of the country,' wrote another, 'is the most rugged and dreary imaginable.' And a third confirmed this impression by calling it a land of 'utter desolation'.

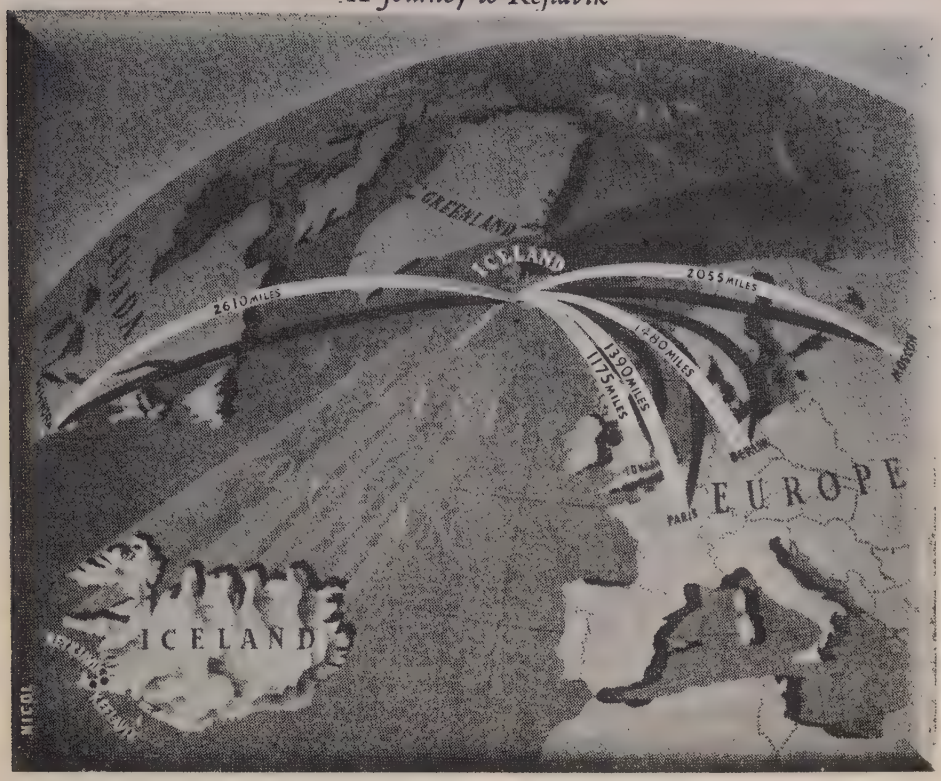
The British troops who came to occupy this land in the spring of 1940 must have felt much the same. They were dispersed over an area the size of Ireland but peopled by a mere 130,000. The countryside appeared often sinister and weird. Most of it is uninhabitable. And the outline is cut and digitated, swept by northern winds and south-western waves, and haunted by the long, winter nights.

Today the Nissen huts, scattered all over the country, sometimes singly, sometimes in clusters, are the only visible remnants of the British occupation. Some have been converted into homes for the Icelanders to ease the housing shortage on the island, and in their new paint these makeshift arrangements remind one of the colonies of prefabricated houses in England.

But most of these huts are to be found either in the few towns or near by; those in the country stand empty, derelict, and the rain is slowly washing away the English lettering, defacing still further the last visible traces of an interlude which, on the whole, was never happy. The Icelanders resented the occupation of their homeland, and as for the British troops, probably few of them cherish the memory of those huts, or the ghostly hills on the horizon, or the wild roar of the waterfalls or the immense emptiness which filled their eyes and their minds.

The Americans who relieved the British troops often came from lonely farms, and they were more used to their new surroundings. But the intense solitude and the terrifying bareness made them crowd into the few towns, especially the capital, Reykjavik. At one time, there were some 80,000 Americans in the country. How many more thousands passed through it on their way to England and the European theatre of war will never be known. The island served as an invaluable stepping-stone on the air ferry transport route to Great Britain. The bases were used for radar and weather forecasting equipment. And the denial of the use of Iceland to the Germans was, no doubt, one of the major factors contributing to Allied victory.

The last of the Americans in uniform, their task done, left early last year. The Icelanders were not sorry to see them go. They are an aloof and strongly nationalistic race, proud of their language and culture, dating back more than a thousand years. And in the course of the centuries they have



This map shows the strategic position of Iceland in the event of any future war between East and West

grown accustomed to the isolation that surrounds them. The howl of gales, the savage nights, or the grim mists stalking the lowlands hold no terror for them any longer. They never encouraged tourists to visit their country, and most of their contact with the outer world before the war was through fishermen.

The war changed all that. Not only did it link Iceland with other nations, but the bitter taste of occupation was also offset handsomely by a wave of prosperity caused by new industries which had been started by the occupation troops. Today the Republic of Iceland is one of the most prosperous countries in a ravaged Europe. In a way, the comfort of living, the degree of mechanisation, and the abundance of luxuries and necessities which the country enjoys today, in marked contrast to her pre-war frugal standard of living, are no doubt some compensation for what was an unpleasant necessity. But the Icelanders do not look at the occupation and its aftermath in that light. They have no doubt accepted the benefits which it bestowed, but it seems as if they would have preferred them without having to pay for them. For their price, of course, was the loss of their neutrality, and their penalty was to have been dragged into the centre of world affairs from which, by virtue of their strategic position, they could not very well escape in an epoch of aerial warfare.

They paid the price most unwillingly. When the American Government, after the cessation of hostilities, requested the Icelandic Parliament to extend the lease of the American naval and air bases, the Icelandic nation fiercely fought what they considered an encroachment upon their sovereignty. The opposition was bitter, the discussions and clashes heated, and it was only after the intervention of the British

Foreign Office that a compromise solution was reached. The Americans were allowed to operate one air base with civilian personnel, but only for a period of about six years, and on behalf of the Icelandic Government.

This air base is situated near the small town of Keflavik, some thirty-five miles south-west of Reykjavik. To thousands of Americans it is better known as Meeks Fields (named after the first American pilot to lose his life on active service in Iceland), and they are not likely ever to forget that road, winding its way through some of the most barren and desolate country in the whole of Iceland, which connects the field and the capital.

Desolate—but Strategic

Already a century ago a traveller described that countryside as 'uncultivated plains without signs of vegetation upon them, and covered through the whole extent by layers of lava.' To this gloomy picture of volcanic revolutions there is little that can be added, even after a hundred years. This finality is one of the typical, and deadly, characteristics of a lava stream. Once it has passed, the landscape is marked for ever. Except for another lava onslaught, there seems no hope for change or redress. In this respect lava is unique. The endlessness of the desert implies restlessness and movement; the mountains of Tibet invite men to a challenge; even the masses of twisted steel which one finds in the ruins of Europe still hold the possibility of removal.

But lava has a grimness all its own. It contains no life, only the element of unbending death. Where the lava smoke falls, it burns the fields, and where the lava stream descends, it grips the countryside with its heavy, sprawling matter, only to turn hard and rugged the moment the victim has been enclosed. No flowers grow where it has passed, no habitations break the monotony of the horizon, and the entire landscape, with its sharp-toothed mouths and crevasses, looks like burnt-out hogs-heads of honey, poured upon stone.

Man has irrigated the desert and wrestled the land from the sea. But confronted with the irresistibility of lava, he has turned away. Yet during the war, the Keflavik airbase was built in the midst of this jagged country because of the flat land. Three square miles of land were levelled, 10,000 cubic yards of rock and four and a half million cubic yards of earth removed, and, virtually within a matter of months, this weirdest of lava flowers blossomed into one of the biggest aerodromes in Europe. Of the many runways four are over 6,500 feet in length, and the internal bus service, which connects the reception centre and the recreation hall, the sleeping quarters and the repair shops, takes a full hour to complete its run.

At the peak of its use, hundreds of American airmen lived in the corrugated steel huts with their curving roofs, on or around the airfield. The huts are still scattered over the lowlands as far as the eye can see. But the bustle and excitement of this nerve centre of Allied strategy has died down. The air over the field is no longer filled with the roar of four-engined bombers and transport planes. The planes now are rare. The huts look dilapidated and wind-torn and give a curiously melancholic appearance. And the secrecy which once enveloped the whole base has gone.

You can now drive in without much formality. Just before you get into Keflavik you turn off the bumpy, narrow, gravel road to the left, past an Icelandic policeman on duty, and you are on the grounds of what is one of the great international bones of contention. But you will not see much. In fact, it is strange to reflect that this piece of land, which looks so dead, should already have been the cause of so much friction and suspicion between the Americans and the Russians, the Icelanders and the British.

The whole scene is one of complete desolation. The only element of life in this wilderness seems to be the vast concrete runways which, especially at their intersections, stand out of the brown monotony like big, white, inland lakes. And the only excitement now comes with the regular arrival of the American Overseas Air Liner

on its way to Scandinavia, or the touching down of the British or Dutch or Canadian planes on their way to the New World. Sometimes the routine is broken by a call to the doctor to stand by to attend a sick case on one of the planes. Occasionally one of the old transport planes arrives with a load of American officers on their way to Germany. But their uniforms, so common a feature here only a few months ago, now look rather out of place, and almost disturb the routine of the five hundred odd Americans servicing the airfield.

Many of them had been to Iceland during the occupation. The majority, in all probability, have returned because of the financial attractions. Probably only a few really like being on this isolated spot, and not all of them will stay their year to qualify for the $1,000 bonus. Iceland may be an ideal place for a weary mind wishing to escape from the turmoil of a restless world, but it is no place for recreation or enjoyment. Keflavik, however, must be serviced, for it retains, in peacetime no less than in war, its importance as a vital link for all transatlantic air services. In fact, with its capacity for accommodating aircraft of any size, it has become one of the most important stepping-stones between the Old World and the New. And Iceland, as a result, has become an innocent bystander in a world of tension.

A 'Civil' Airport!

The Americans claimed the base because the Icelanders obviously could not afford to maintain and service it efficiently. The upkeep alone is estimated at about two and a half million dollars a year. In addition, big construction works are shortly to be started to combine in one huge building, at the cost of another million dollars, an administrative centre, living conditions for travellers and employees, and recreation facilities for all. In six years' time everything will be handed over to the Icelanders.

This American plan to make Keflavik available to all as an international civilian airfield appears, at present, to have no tie-up with the world security mechanism.

The American 'invasion'. Cars parked outside the old cathedral in Reykjavik

But, of course, the Icelanders know that such a tie-up could be effected in a matter of hours. Iceland and Greenland are, ultimately, inseparable from the defensive zone of the American mainland. The Icelanders know, too, that though a civilian agency manages the field, it is the American Government that pays for its upkeep. And why? they ask. They talk a good deal about a Third World War—but that is probably because they did not see the effects of the last and because they are afraid for their own exposed position. For their island lies on the direct route between America and Russia, 2,610 miles from New York, 2,055 miles from Moscow. Who could deny that whoever has a foothold in Iceland could forestall anyone else gaining a foothold there? It is Iceland's unenviable lot to have been caught in the machine of power politics.

Most Icelanders, naturally, would prefer not to be entangled with either Europe or America. But they are learning slowly that all things have to be paid for, and they are certainly paying a high price for their high standard of living. It would be futile to argue which alternative would have been preferable—isolation and a hard life with security, or proximity with comfort or insecurity. Iceland was certainly never given the choice. Her fate now is linked with the rest of the world and her security depends on the peace outside.

Sociology Goes to Work

We live in a time of acute industrial emergency. There is much loose talk about 'incentives', etc. What *practical* help can sociology give towards increased production and better industrial relationships?

GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR

EVERY factory constitutes a social group, and contains within itself many sub-groups: gangs, work-teams and the like. Since the relations between groups of people and within groups of people are the chief interest of sociology, it is natural to ask what this science has to tell us in the present industrial emergency.

It can tell us a great deal. Sociological techniques can, and have, averted strikes and brought about startling increases in productivity per man-hour.

But it must be said at once that in this country extremely little is being done to apply sociological data to industry. A certain number of far-sighted employers, no doubt, are applying such information as they have been able to acquire. But there is no general tendency to call in sociologists to solve specific problems or act as consultants, in the way that big firms now often call in economists, psychologists or statisticians. Still less are big firms financing major sociological researches, in the way that Western Electric, General Motors and other big American corporations have been doing for years. Nor is the government making any effort to foster the use of these new techniques. In fact, it is a mark of our extraordinary backwardness that the new Institute of Management, founded at the instigation of Sir Stafford Cripps, has only just decided to include sociologists in the research teams it is about to send into the field.

In this article, therefore, I can only indicate the sort of problems we *could* tackle in this country and the kind of facts which have already been discovered in the United States.

Incentives

The thing which, I suppose, most sociologists and psychologists must be bursting to say at the present moment is that the long screeds which have been appearing in the more solemn papers on the subject of incentives are fifty per cent bunk. Nearly all of them discuss incentives in terms of the donkey who can be lured onward by a carrot or beaten forward by a stick. The truth is that a worker's output depends on much more complicated considerations than these.

Let's take an instance. In the series of experiments which started at the Western Electric plant at Hawthorne in 1923, and which are now generally recognised as one of the classic pieces of industrial research, attention was turned to a room containing fourteen workmen: the bank wiring room. In the hope of stimulating them to greater output, they were paid on a group piece-work basis. It was expected that the faster workers would put pressure on the slower workers to improve their efficiency, but this proved not to be the case. It was found that the men's output tended to conform to a figure which the group regarded as the proper amount of work. Anyone

who produced more was despised as a 'rate-buster'. Anybody who produced less was despised as a slacker. The most popular man in the group was he whose output was nearest the approved figure. Piece-rates were quite useless in calling forth increased output from the group because each man was far more concerned to retain the approval of his workmates by conforming to the code than to increase his pay packet. The only way in which such a group can be induced to increase output is to persuade it to adopt a different code of behaviour.

This is a very simple instance of the way in which personal and human considerations get involved with output. Other experiments show that much subtler factors are also involved—some of them will emerge in the course of these articles—but we can already glimpse the main conclusion: that if we are to get the best out of a worker, we must treat him not as a simple piece of machinery but as a very complex human being.

Worker's Morale

His rate of work is affected by many factors, including his personal worries and problems. Those which fall into the field of sociology include his attitude to his workmates, his foreman, the job, and the factory as a whole. These attitudes are now generally denoted by the word *morale*. A very important element in morale is the extent to which the men suffer from a sense of frustration or exploitation or domination.

This fact emerged in another section of the Hawthorne experiment. Girls who worked on assembling telephone relays steadily increased their output with the introduction of rest pauses, group piece-work and other changes in the conditions of work. After seventy-three weeks, output had risen by twenty per cent and absence on sick-leave had fallen to one-third. But, to the experimenters' amazement, when in the seventy-fourth week of the experiment the original conditions were restored, output remained as high as ever: in fact it rose a little further. A series of interviews revealed that the chief reason was that the girls no longer felt a sense of pressure; they said they no longer felt that they were being supervised—although, strictly speaking, they were being supervised far more minutely than before. Nor did they feel they were working so hard, although their output was twenty per cent higher. Above all, they were happy. The important thing was the change in the *quality* of the supervision. It had changed from something which seemed to them domineering and aroused a good deal of more or less unconscious resistance to supervision of a friendly, sympathetic and helpful sort which they welcomed. As they said, they no longer regarded the man in charge as 'the boss' but as a friend. One might say that one of the most pressing industrial problems today is to bring about this sort of change in supervisory methods.

There is no secret about it. It is simply a question of treating the worker as a human being in the fullest sense. But though the principle is obvious enough, the application is harder than it looks. It involves a more thorough understanding of the nature of human nature than most people possess, and a knowledge of various ingenious devices and methods which have been worked out in tests and experiments over many years.

Drucker tells a story which throws more light on the matter. During the war, in America, two factories were engaged in producing locomotives: one had a high output and a low labour turnover, the other poor output and a great deal of labour unrest. One was a streamlined factory, carefully planned by efficiency engineers; the other had been hastily adapted from another purpose. But it was the hastily-adapted factory which was the efficient and happy one. Efficiency engineers were sent down to inspect it and, as they were shown round, the management kept apologising for the 'untidiness' of the organisation. In each bay the work-team had evolved its own method of subdividing the work and no two were the

same. And this, of course, was the answer. In each bay the men were working in the way which came natural to them, doing the jobs for which their aptitudes best fitted them. Everyone is an individual and has a natural rhythm of work. (I am reminded here of a discovery in a chocolate factory. When the girls who filled the boxes were allowed to choose for themselves what boxes they would fill, their output rose and they were happier. Some, it turned out, much preferred filling large boxes, which gave them scope for arranging the chocolates in patterns; others found this difficult and much preferred working on small boxes.) But the rhythm of work was only part of the story. Equally important was the fact that, because they had worked out the method themselves, they understood *why* they were doing what they were doing. There was therefore no feeling of being forced to follow an arbitrary and meaningless pattern.

This brings us to another very important point. One striking characteristic about human beings is that they like to have a say in running their own lives. Leadership imposed from above, however wise and well intentioned, always calls forth resistance and sullen opposition. Not only does it obstruct the very important human need to use initiative and take responsibility, but it gives the individual a sense of helplessness, of being treated as a piece of machinery or a slave.

Replanning the Work

Frankly accepting this need, the American sociologist, Bavelas, has sought to develop still further the technique inadvertently used in the locomotive shop referred to by Drucker. Under his guidance the management of certain textile mills called a meeting of all the men in the shop and told them that all the rules and methods previously existing were scrapped. They were perfectly free to work out any method of doing the work they liked and to work out all the safety regulations, work pauses and other details. When this had been done, the result was that output not only climbed to a far higher figure than ever before, and is still maintaining that figure today, but also that output exceeded the figure which efficiency engineers regarded as the maximum humanly possible for the plant in question.

Surely this fact is so important that it should be front-page news for every paper in Britain today! Yet not one person in a million knows about it.

Of course I do not want to suggest that any industry can immediately bring about a dramatic increase of output by the simple process of handing over the conduct of affairs to the people doing the work. There is a lot more to it than that. Such experiments must be conducted under the supervision of a trained man who knows the many pitfalls. The fullest use must be made of the contributions of the factory's technicians. And the proper conduct of the discussion depends on principles and insights which I cannot go into in this short article. But the moral is clear. Or, rather, there are two morals. The first is that, instead of trying to adapt the man to the job, we must tailor the job to the man. Every worker is an individual with individual preferences, abilities and even individual emotional relationships with his fellow workmen. Hence the most effective pattern of work can only be devised in relation to the men who are to do it; and if you fire them all and hire a new lot, you must change your method of work to suit. The plans of the efficiency engineers, worked out on a drawing board without regard to these human idiosyncrasies, always defeat their own end. The second moral is that the worker, being a human being, wants to know why he is doing the job a particular way. And, to achieve this, it is quite essential that he should be present and take part in the working out of the method.

The difference is that between an authoritarian and a democratic method of planning the work. Experiments which have been done under Professor Lewin at the Research Centre for Group Dynamics in Cambridge, Mass., on these and other types of leadership, show in great detail just

why democratic management is better. Not only is there less irritation and aggression (frustration always evokes aggressiveness) but the workers in a democratic group continue to work just as efficiently when the supervisor's back is turned, where the workers in an authoritarian group immediately relax their efforts.

Many other factors in the worker's attitude to his work might be listed—I hope to mention some more in a further article next month—but even at this stage the nature of the problem must be growing clear. We do in fact tend to treat the worker as a tool—a cheap, adaptable machine which can be put on to any job. We ignore his personal proclivities and tend to dismiss as sentimentalism any suggestion that we should heed them.

Yet it is precisely this which is at the heart of the problem—and not only the problem of incentives, but, as I shall try to show next month, the problem of strikes. Deep down, the worker is aware of being used as a piece of machinery. It is significant that, in a survey recently made in Yorkshire at a factory where labour unrest was marked despite many concessions by the management, sixty-eight complaints and suggestions were obtained by investigators. Not one of these referred to wages and a great many related to the worker's fear that he was being treated as a mere piece of machinery. It is equally significant that, when the proper methods are used, this feeling vanishes.

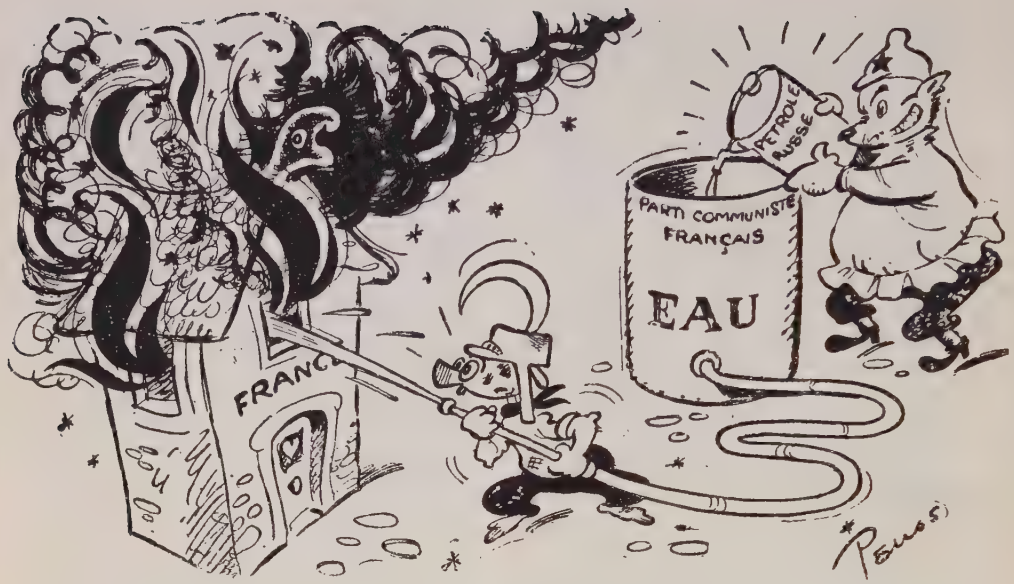
Democracy in Industry

Now suggestions such as that made above —that men should, in a very real and full sense, plan their own work—tend to arouse the strongest opposition. I have often heard it said: 'I don't mind having a production council in my factory but one thing must be clear: they mustn't take any part in management. It's management's job to manage.' Allowing a certain amount of margin for possible differences in use of the word 'management', the fact remains that, quite apart from any question of principle, democratic management, properly conducted, is more industrially efficient than authoritarian management. It produces more goods.

This attitude is very interesting and important, for it is typical of what happens when a sociologist is called in to handle an industrial problem. What the management wants is some simple device or method which can be applied in the workshops without involving the management itself in any trouble, but what they nearly always get is something which profoundly affects them themselves. This, perhaps, is why sociology has not made much progress in British industry. For the sociologist the main problem often turns out to be not to get the employees, but the managements, to behave differently!

The typical experience is for management to call in a sociologist or psychologist and say, 'Here is a specific problem. We want you to solve it but not to interfere with anything else.' But the sociologist's reply is this: 'The factory is a social group. I can only diagnose what is wrong with that group as a whole and report what I find. It is up to the group as a whole to tackle its own problem in the light of my report.' It is as futile to expect the sociologist to solve a problem in isolation as it would be to say to a doctor, 'Please cure my stomach-ache but don't interfere with my diet.'

By now, I hope, it has become clear why I say that to approach the question of raising output in terms of 'incentives' is a waste of time. Man is not a donkey. His needs cannot be satisfied by a pay envelope. If we wish to increase output, we shall have to take these delicate human factors into consideration: offering higher wages, or longer holidays or permits to buy goods will not achieve substantial results if the emotional climate in which the individual worker is operating is unfavourable. His full co-operation can only be enlisted by treating him as a human being, and that means treating industry first of all as an environment for living in and only secondarily as a productive device. Do this and the rest shall be given unto you.



The bad little fireman who, not seeing what is going on behind his back, sets fire to his own house LA FRANCE

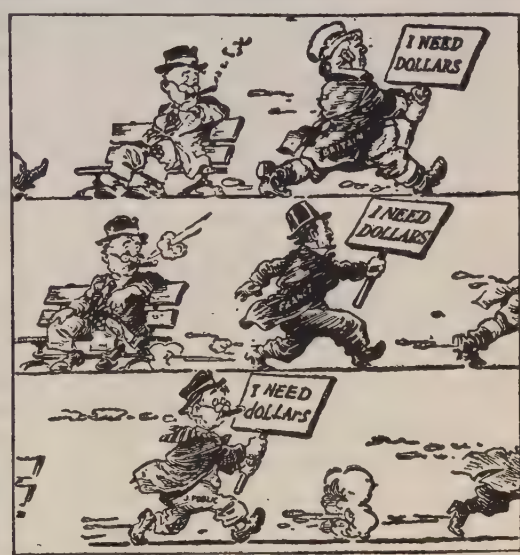
The Razor's Edge NEW REPUBLIC

The English TREK (S. Africa)

WORLD SAID!

Communist rancour against the U.S. is demonstrated in these three cartoons from Izvestia *and* Pravda:
(1) *Marshall strikes at the UN* **(2)** *The Marshall plan nations grovel* **(3)** *The British and Americans tie up Greece*

The Unholy Alliance NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM



WASHINGTON STAR

As each sees the other
RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM

Which is Democracy?
DETROIT FREE PRESS

German Youth Under the Occupation

In Germany there is overcrowding, hunger and political despair. Against this background can the Youth Groups provide that 're-education' upon which the future of Germany depends?

LESLIE PAUL

One way to understand German youth today is to begin with the story of the brother and sister Scholl, two students of the University of Munich, who were executed for high treason during the war. As far back as 1942 they made a decision to resist the Nazis by the formation of an underground movement. Their friend and mentor, and ultimately their collaborator, was Professor Huber, who was executed shortly after them—a life of him is announced by a Munich publisher. They began to write attacks on the Nazi government and to duplicate them laboriously by hand on an old machine in an attic room, and then to distribute them through the town. They called their pamphlets *The Leaves of the White Rose*, and their writing had two sources of inspiration, the first from the traditions of the old, free German youth movement—the *Bündische Jugend*—which Hitler destroyed when he came to power, and the second a profound Christian conviction. They had been strongly influenced by the Catholic writer, Theodor Haecker, who was himself much under the spell of Kierkegaard.

After the loss of 330,000 German lives in the defeat at Stalingrad, these earnest young students felt that the clandestine distribution of pamphlets was not enough. A public gesture had to be made even if it cost them their lives. They were not specially anxious for martyrdom, though the joy of it cannot have been altogether absent from their idealistic young minds. What moved them most was the longing to come out into the open. Someone, they felt, in the midst of the conspiracy, spying, lying, hatred and murder which were drowning Germany in the blackest pitch had to speak out, at whatever cost. On 18 February 1943, the young pair, with friends to help, went to the University Hall of Munich, carrying a suitcase apiece, and tipped the contents of the suitcases down the well of the main staircase. A snowstorm of leaflets bitterly attacking the régime floated down. They had made their pathetic demonstration against the evil, black hordes of Hitler and they took with fortitude the arrest, the farcical trial and the summary execution which followed. Without some such effort to dissociate German youth from Nazi crimes, they had argued before their deed, Germany would be for ever dishonoured in the minds of the peoples of the world, and no young German would be able to hold up his head again. The Scholls died for what they would have called the honour of Germany in the eyes of posterity.

What of the young people for whom they died? It is, alas, doubtful if they are as conscious of that honour as the Scholls. It must be said in their defence that everything at the moment conspires to demoralise them. Victor Gollancz is right enough. Conditions nearly everywhere in Germany are appalling. With so many cities in ruins, the problem is to find a room, or any shelter for the family. In one district of

Hamburg thirty-two per cent of the families live in cellars. The Germans are a clean and house-proud people. Even today they manage to look well-washed and well-clothed. Yet many of their cellar or hut-like homes have no facilities for heating, only the simplest for cooking, and the most primitive sanitary arrangements. In such conditions only half the school children (of this district) have beds to themselves. One child in five must sleep with adults or with children of the opposite sex. In summer these conditions can be escaped during the long, sunny days. But winter drives everyone indoors, and in many homes this means rooms without amenities, books, wireless or heating, and with the young and old tangled together in one snarl. Sickness, suicide and breakdown rates rise.

Youth and the Black Market

The second source of demoralisation is food. The official allowance of calories—blessed word—will just about keep a person alive. But if you are like the family Seifer, the children of which I first met on the stairs, you may not have the energy or initiative to get yourself more than the ration. Papa Seifer is not strong, but he has a barrow from which he sells papers and if only there were enough food, that would keep his family going. But there is nothing for spending on the black market. His wife, therefore, fed most of her rations to the bairns, and herself contracted tuberculosis from malnutrition, and so quietly turned her face to the wall and died. Now Papa Seifer is haggard from fear that the children will die too. That is an all too common story among the really poor and non-criminal classes.

Necessity drives all who can afford it to the black market. It may be a matter of selling family treasures to pay for food, or if you are a factory worker, of pilfering odds and ends to trade, or of taking the train or bus to the countryside and begging, buying, cadging, threatening or stealing to extract food from the peasants. Factory owners conceal part of their production to exchange it for food for themselves or their workers. When openly done, this is called 'compensation'—i.e. the customer pays the normal price and 'compensation' in kind. Peasants render false returns in order to have a surplus for barter. All this is devastating enough for the life of society. What is worse is that, if you operate the black market with sufficient skill, you can live without working at all, and this is a constant temptation to shrewd young people. Adolescent boys are much in demand in the black market—they can act as go-betweens, messengers and carriers more easily than adults. They have the necessary cheek to get out of tight corners. The pressure on them to steal is considerable and most of the robbing of the peasants' crops is done by small gangs of youths at night. *Picture Post* recently published a series of revealing pictures of the rôle of small boys and girls in smuggling goods across the frontiers. Cynicism about it all is more common among the young than two years ago.

Add to this picture the presence of a social grouping entirely new in German life and one hundred per cent disastrous—the homeless and wandering boys and girls. In the first year of peace it was common for the police to round up children of quite tender years, as young as ten, without parents or homes, living a life of pilfering, pimping and even prostitution. Now the more common wandering type is an adolescent, deeply committed to an attitude of hostility to society, which is the enemy which will take him and lock him up and make him work. Venereal disease is rife in this group.

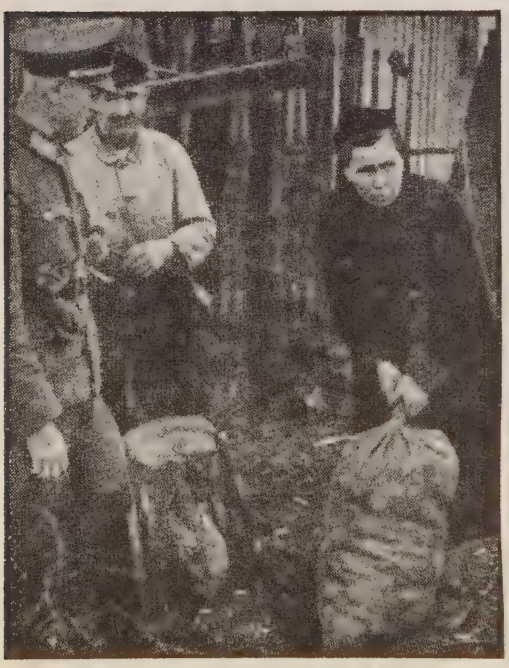
Political Bewilderment

The final factors in the demoralisation of German youth are political. The country is occupied and divided by the foreign enemy. The Russian enemy is despised because he is culturally inferior, the American because he is materialist, the British because he is weak; yet all are envied. The young German sees plants left undamaged by the war being removed and other

1 *Germans crowd a train leaving Hamburg for the country in search of illicit food*

2 *A small boy has his bag searched by police for black market produce*

HUNGER BREEDS CRIMINALS AND



5 *Police find a store of potatoes destined for the black market in a country garden*

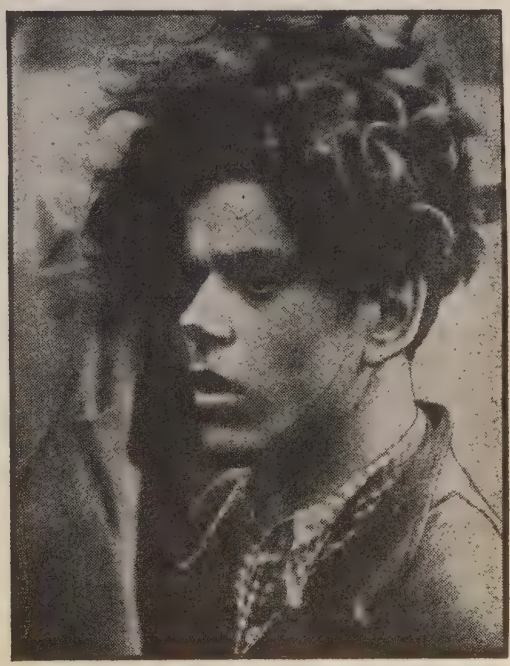
6 *Police reveal a gang's 'storehouse'. Jewellery or nylons? No, potatoes!*

3 *On the look-out for the police, these men try to get back food from the countryside to the town*

4 Despair—*caught by the police at the station, hard-won potatoes have to be surrendered*

TURNS POTATOES INTO GOLD

7 *An illicit distillery is discovered where alcohol is made from herbs formerly used for hair lotion*



8 *'Career' for German youth! The ringleader of a group of potato thieves and black marketeers*

property dismantled for reparations. He does not look back at first causes, or balance the suffering experienced by Germans against the suffering caused by them. He simply observes the consequences to his own country in its bitter need of what is happening under the occupation—and contrasts that with the condition of Germany under Hitler. He cannot grasp yet that Hitler has produced a world disaster.

'Under Hitler,' one young ex-Nazi said to me, 'we had plenty. Even when things were bad from the bombing we had enough to eat. Why, all through the war Germany was able to export things. Do you not think, Mr. Paul, we remember that? It meant a lot to us when Hitler made our country strong and proud again, and now, look, it is ruined.'

The Young Nazi

There are many who think in this way. I talked to one in his own room. On the walls were pinned proudly the pennants and epaulettes of his Luftwaffe service. His photograph albums revealed nostalgically a life of 'belonging to groups' which is now over—hearty, cheery, arrogant young groups in camps, round fires at night, hiking in the Balkans, stripped to the waist in the *Arbeitsdienst*, marching with the *Hitlerjugend*. His face now is creased with misery—how shattered and rootless his life had become through the double destruction of Germany and the Nazi Party!

He wrung his hands in despair. 'I cannot believe that all things about the Nazis were bad. I was a Nazi and I am not like some of the others, pretending now that I wasn't. To hear everybody talk you would think that no one was ever a member of the Nazi Party willingly. I was a Nazi because I believed in it. Surely even you have to admit that there were some good things about the Nazis which were smashed down with them. I cannot believe that it was all bad.'

He went on with much bitterness to say that 'everything is hopeless. We are not allowed to live. We are only stones under the feet of the Allies. Britain wants only to ruin German industries so that they shan't compete with her, and America wants only to buy up control. I don't like the Russians, but I don't mind telling you, Mr. Paul, that some people are saying that it would be better under the Russians. They need our brains and would want us to work.'

Germany in Isolation

What is missing in this sort of talk is any kind of objectivity: the inventors of the *Weltanschauung* today completely lack a world view. They only half-believe in the world food crisis; they cannot imagine that Britain is badly off; they are sceptical of accounts of German destruction in other lands and feel somehow that defeat itself wiped out the crimes Germany committed; sometimes they deny these crimes. In Garmisch-Partenkirchen last summer the showing of a film about Belsen produced a riot. 'Pity they didn't kill more of them!' 'Pity they don't start bumping them off again!' the rioters in the audience shouted. An inner sense of guilt is absent, or resisted. Only the Protestant Churches have put out a summons to repentance. The importance to Germany of an inner sorrow for Germany's deeds is as yet understood only by such philosophers as Alfred Weber—it is part of the theme of his new book, *Farewell to European History*.

The lingering effects of Nazi propaganda, the isolation of the war and the iron curtain which, in a sense, surrounds the whole of Germany (as yet there is only a trickle of visitors and influences crossing into Germany from the West)—these circumstances keep German youth in a state of ignorance almost as great as anything they suffered under the Nazis. This isolation has to be broken down if Germany is to be rehabilitated as part of the West.

What is to be put down on the credit side? There is little doubt that German youth groups of all kinds are reviving in the Western zone. They are hungry for contact with the West. In the British zone in January last nearly 900,000 young people were reported organised in youth groups. The number now is greatly in

excess of that. Possibly between two and three million young people are organised in the combined Western zones.

The youth groups fall into three broad divisions—political, religious and free. Typical political groups are the Communist-inspired *Freie Deutsche Jugend* (the only permitted youth group in the Russian zone) which is seeking to extend its influence in the Western zones, the Social Democratic Youth and the Red Falcons, the socialist junior organisation which runs on Scout lines. The religious groups are Catholic and Protestant young men's societies, and scouting and camping groups associated with the Churches. These form the largest bloc in the Western zones. Finally we find the three groups—the *bündische* groups—which are part of a tradition going back to the foundation of the *Wandervögel* in 1895, the tradition that young people should be free to organise their lives in their own way and should not be subservient to party or church. These free groups may in the long run prove the most important in the creation of a new youth spirit.

Status of Youth Groups

It has been said that the Youth Movement is the most typical form that German culture takes—that the great changes in German life are produced by the emergence of new youth groups rather than by the formation of political parties. It is certainly true that to belong to a youth group is felt to *imply* more in Germany than in this country. Here it is perhaps no more than the expression of a choice of recreation or friends. In Germany it means the choice of an attitude about life and society; or a 'world and life affirmation', to borrow a phrase from Schweitzer.

It is, therefore, interesting to learn from youth leaders that young Germans are shy of the existing political parties, do not join them or evince much interest in standing for office. It is not simply that political parties in an unfree Germany have only limited power. Rather that to German youth most existing political parties represent the older generation of the pre-Hitler period, and not the youth. This goes for the Communists too. Politically Germany is in a curious position. To use Services slang, she has *had* most of the current political nostrums—she has had rigorous totalitarian socialism; she has had nationalism; she has had militarism; she has had political terror; she has had a democratic republic. Altogether she has 'had' three-quarters of a century of experiment and hysteria about all the modern ideologies from Marxism to nudism.

A New Outlook

To begin it all over again has not very much meaning. Hence political apathy. German youth is looking for something not discredited. It might find it in ideas of federalism and of 'democracy in localities and labour'—democracy genuinely rooted in the civic life of town, village, factory and youth group. There is a tendency to find new ideas in the 'Personalism' which has played a large part in contemporary Dutch and French politics. Some 'Personalist' youth groups have been founded in Berlin.

One thing does concern German youth. A generation ago all German youth groups felt themselves to be rebels against an effete and materialist civilisation. They turned their backs on town life and nineteenth-century thought. But then Western civilisation was outwardly strong. Today it is in ruins. Young Germans now ask anxiously—does it not contain much that ought to be preserved? Is there not a precious Christian and humanist heritage in Europe? Is it not now the task of youth to defend the traditional culture and values of Europe?

If this outlook grows (and many leaders are consciously fostering it), there will spring up a new sense of responsibility for Europe. Without it, Germany can never recover. And it was for just such a spiritual rebirth that the Scholls died nearly five years ago. After their death an unknown student chalked on the walls of Munich 'The Spirit Lives!' Perhaps, after all, he was right.

What does Philosophy Offer?

Philosophy must be *more* than an academic and technical study. It must utilise all new branches of knowledge to provide principles for a comprehensive guide for living

JOHN HOLLOWAY

MORE and more insistently at the present critical time, thoughtful men demand a set of principles which can serve them as a comprehensive guide for living. They want something which fixes man's place in society and in the universe, and shows how he ought to live. Principles of this kind make up what the man who is not a philosopher usually calls 'philosophy'; and naturally enough he expects to get it from the experts. But they don't often give it him.

Especially in England, professional philosophers are accused of ignoring these general or speculative issues, and thinking only about technical problems of no interest to anyone but themselves. The contrast between these technical problems (in pure logic, or about space, or time, or knowledge, or matter and so on) and the general principles is fundamentally important. These general principles make up what is perhaps best called a 'speculative view of life'; if we can see how the two parts of philosophy are related, we can see clearly just what a speculative view of life is. Then it's easy to see why the professionals often leave it to the amateurs.

This link between the technical and the speculative parts of philosophy can be seen very clearly, for example, in Sartre's brand of Existentialism. *L'Etre et le Néant* is largely about technical questions; above all, about the nature of 'not-being' (*le néant*) and its relation to being. But Sartre uses his answers to these questions as the basis for a general speculative view. He argues from them that our own individuality depends on recognising the individuality of others; that insincerity is at the root of human failure and sin; that activity is the supreme human value.

How does he link the technical and the general? Essentially, by the use he makes of the idea of not-being or nothingness. It colours his speculations at every point. Not-being, he says, *haunts* being, is like a worm at its heart. To do so, of course, it must somehow be real; and Sartre offers to prove that it is. Certain things, he argues, are perfectly real, as real as my hand, say, or anything else; and yet they *contain* not-being as an ineradicable part of themselves. Therefore not-being must itself be real. 'Absence' is a particularly clear case of such a reality. Sartre's analysis of these realities is supposed to show that not-being runs like a dark thread everywhere through what exists. It is really the crucial stage in his whole book.

Logic and Speculation

This discussion is within the technical part of philosophy. Sartre would be actually refuted by quite different analyses—those of Bertrand Russell for example—which the ordinary man would think quite unrelated to the general problems of life. But

this argument is used by Sartre as the ultimate foundation of all his speculations about life as a whole.

When the argument is reproduced in plain terms, though, one begins to suspect it. One requires only a clear head, no specialist training, to see the flaw. What is wrong is that the proof depends on a pun. The word 'real' means entirely different things when applied to absence and to my hand (the examples taken just now). Because of this the 'parts' of absence (what a queer expression!) would be parts of quite a different kind from parts of anything which is real in the ordinary sense. But an argument can only be logically sound if the terms used in it are used in the same sense all the time.

Sartre attempts to base speculative principles, which would guide human life, on technical philosophical theories—and he fails. The bridge he builds just snaps in two when subjected to clear scrutiny. In the past, though, philosophers have often attempted to build such a bridge. Descartes, for example, believed he could deduce that the world was controlled for good by a divine being, from an immediate consciousness of his own thinking. Spinoza believed that principles which prescribed the good life for man followed logically from the nature of 'cause' and 'substance'. Kant believed that the laws of right conduct followed from the nature of abstract thought.

But what we find is this: other philosophers soon reject these deductions. They expose fallacies or ambiguities in them, or at least show that they are by no means conclusive and certain. Yet it is at this point that one notices the very strange character of the speculative principles: their importance doesn't simply vanish as soon as the logical proofs offered for them are discredited. Although this is what one might expect, it doesn't happen. Either the principles fail to win support even before a flaw is found in the reasoning, or their influence survives as many flaws as we care to find. They seem to have a life of their own.

There probably can be no irrefutable logical connection between the technical problems which philosophers study, and a speculative view of life. It might be rash to dogmatise on this point, and to some extent it is a technical question itself. But at all events, philosophers certainly fail to establish the connections for which they make a claim. And this failure is really no surprise. When we are *not* trying to philosophise, our attitude is that a profound and subtle understanding of the nature of man and his place in the general pattern of things comes from a varied and receptive experience of him. To substitute deduction from philosophical formulae for this experience seems like a misguided short-cut.

What, then, are philosophers doing when they create their speculative views of life? Are they merely issuing dogmas? Undoubtedly there is an important dogmatic element in philosophy of this kind. The crucial principles in the system are introduced without proof. Either they are simply assumed without being noticed at all, or else they are introduced overtly as perfectly self-evident truths. Both these processes, indeed, usually occur together. It is this dogmatic element which makes it so often possible to present the bare bones of a philosophical system in no more than a few sentences.

But ought not mere dogmatism to be

C. J. HOLLOWAY *came to Oxford just before the war and read Modern Greats. Before joining the Army, first as a gunner and later on intelligence duties, he worked on a social and economic survey in London. Returning to Oxford after the war, he won a Fellowship at All Souls, where he is engaged in teaching and research in philosophy. Aged 27, he is of the younger generation of philosophers who wish to make philosophy some use to the ordinary man in the solution of his problems. He lectures extensively and has broadcast on the Third Programme of the B.B.C.*

rejected—ought we not, at least, to keep an open mind? I think this belief misses the point. After all, that we should reject dogma and demand proof is itself a dogma. More important, however, is this: philosophers have usually been intelligent and thoughtful men, and the dogmas in their speculations about man's life have not been arbitrary. They may not be self-evident or simply deduced from something which is self-evident; but they do have a foundation, and perhaps it is just as much worth trusting. They express the philosopher's whole attitude to life; and this attitude will have grown up imperceptibly, and will have developed from experience of life over a long period.

Spinoza, for example, said as part of his system that a life governed by reason was the right life for man. But this was more than a deduction from some technical premiss; it expressed a profound conviction, a creed which governed every moment of his own life. Rousseau, for all his faults, is a more interesting political philosopher than many who came before him, because his startling assumptions about human nature were more complete and sensitive than theirs. For him, society was more than a negative safeguard for the individual. It gave him scope for a fuller and richer life, by giving him fellow-citizens, in contact with whom his personality could at last develop fully. It was a permanent enlargement of the human horizon. The logical complexities in which Rousseau wrapped up his conception of man and society only obscured the fruits of his new insight. His work is valuable in spite of the arguments in it!

Values from Experience

We could take another instance, especially significant today. The modern philosophy of Personalism has as its central principle that a man ought to live as both more than an isolated being in his own private world, and more than a mechanical part of some larger organisation like the state. It would be wrong to ask for a proof of this statement. It is the beginning and guiding principle of discussion, not its conclusion. The proof lies in our whole experience. Of this, it gets the over-all proportions right; it has aptness and finality rather like that of poetry.

The analogy with poetry is a very fair one. I have been arguing that the basic principles of a philosophy of life come from, and are founded on, experience. But they are founded on it in quite a different way from scientific generalisations. They are not about facts, but about values. They don't merely summarise experience, but they do grow out of it, spontaneously, naturally and slowly, as poetry often does.

As in poetry, too, the unconscious activities of the mind must play a crucial part in moulding and forming these principles. Their connection with experience is remote and complex. The thinker cannot trace each link in the chain himself. In consequence, they may seem like truths known from beyond experience. This, too, is like poetical creation. Rilke heard the first words of his *Duino Elegies* spoken to him as by a voice from outside. But in retrospect we can see how they grew out of his mental life through the years before. Similarly, what seems to the philosopher like a revelation of a self-evident truth is often the expression of those values which have proved most deeply significant to him in his own past.

This throws light on the expression of philosophy which tries to give an integrated view of life. Most systems of this kind are in essentials very simple; their richness lies in the cumulative effect of the arguments, the way in which the theory is exploited to illuminate one aspect of life after another, the power to move us which certain ideas acquire as we watch them running on and on through the writer's thought. 'Nothingness' and 'anguish' and and a few other key ideas play this rôle in Sartre's rather sombre philosophy. The varied accumulations of logical arguments help to invest these key ideas with a distinctive light and colour of their own. Moreover, these ideas do not draw their power only from the single writer; their

ramifications spread out everywhere into the general climate of thought of which we partake unconsciously. Again, they move us somewhat in the same way as poetry.

The difference from poetry, or at least from most poetry, is that the appeal is a joint one, to the rational and the non-rational or imaginative parts of the mind at the same time. Moreover, the attempt to show life to the reader in a certain comprehensive perspective is usually more elaborate, concentrated and sustained. This is what makes such philosophy, for many people, more difficult and less attractive than poetry. But if a system does win a man's allegiance, it is likely to do so outright. It is quite wrong to suppose that discussions in rigorous logical form make no appeal to the emotions. Mathematicians often speak of 'beautiful proofs'; and philosophers love their systems.

Reason not Enough

At the present time, we are coming to see more and more clearly how intimately and subtly the rational and the imaginative parts of human nature are fused together. A completely satisfying world outlook, or faith, makes provision for both. Because that is what the philosopher speculating about the human situation is doing, there is nothing wrong with a view of life which recognises its basic principles, its ultimate values, as articles of faith, and which deduces from them and not up to them. Far better to argue that our ultimate beliefs are beyond proof than to discredit them with bogus metaphysics or fallacious logic.

This makes it easy to see why many philosophers can be accused of neglecting these important general problems. They have simply become specialists. In the last fifty years there have been immense developments in formal logic and in all the technical problems that go with it; and professional philosophers have tended to withdraw to this specialised field of study.

There are also good reasons why they should. We have become more and more conscious that the rational part *is* only a part of human nature and the 'thinker', at least of the logician kind, can no longer make a special contribution which seems crucial in building up a speculative view of life. Abstract logic can no longer claim to be all-sufficient, as at times it has done in the past.

Besides this, though, there have been more important changes. When the general patterns of society were simple, other kinds of society scarcely known, and the whole fund of knowledge strictly limited, any really intelligent and thoughtful man could hope to make a valuable contribution simply by drawing on his own experience and meditation. Now the situation is very different. A whole range of sciences, based on observation or experiment, cover the field of human affairs as before they covered only inanimate nature. Anthropology, individual and social psychology, economics, sociology and comparative politics now supplement the philosopher's lone gaze—eagle gaze though perhaps it sometimes was. They immensely enrich the fund of knowledge upon which the speculative view of life is to be based. To them one should add the new but firmly established science of psychical research, which for the study of personality and the relations between personalities has acquired a decisive importance.

It is not easy to think of a philosopher who has command of all these resources. But they are certain to do more than simply provide us with information. They profoundly affect and extend the methods by which a speculative view of life can be elaborated and amplified to its full power. Speculative philosophy must utilise these new branches of knowledge, for both its principles and its illustrative detail. To do so, will produce a view of man's nature, his place in the world, and how he ought to live, which will be an invaluable guide in the present complex and critical period. This will vivify philosophy and make its offer immensely worth considering; but I think that clinging to the older methods of abstract deduction will fail.

Contemporary French Painting

A. ROZELAAR GREEN

To anybody who is interested in painting, the modern movement seems a mass of different schools and theories. The fog of words which describes these rival schools makes it difficult to look at the pictures themselves. The critics talk of this and that 'ism', assuming that everyone knows what they mean.

And yet, when one asks them to define the words of their vocabulary, they nearly always disagree.

This difficulty is a perfectly normal one, since in every sphere of human activity the last few decades have brought with them an increase in specialisation and experiment. Few people today are conversant with a specialised subject outside their own.

One may think that art should never be a specialised subject and that it should be understandable by anyone. That is certainly true of a normal epoch, but since the end of the nineteenth century, when the language of painting had become too set in its ways, the whole of the modern movement has been concerned in renewing the language.

The Impressionists were the first to start this voyage of discovery, and since then we have had a surfeit of 'isms'. The time is coming now (perhaps it is almost here), when once again we will be able to look at a work of art without first asking the permission of an art critic to do so.

Unfortunately, in order to understand how this radical change can come, it is necessary to study the development of the various trends which in the end will cancel each other out. Each one has been the outcome of its predecessor, very often its antithesis, and to make things more complicated, there are painters who follow the different trends even though more recent ones have replaced them.

Thus there are the neo-Impressionists and the neo-Cubists who follow in the footsteps of their elders, even though Impressionism and Cubism have given birth long ago to other movements.

Today, however, the scene is being gradually cleared for a showdown between abstract painting, which represents the final stage of 'isms', and its opposite Expressionism.

This Expressionism could embrace painters as widely separated as Breughel, Greco, Rembrandt or any others who expressed in their work an intense understanding of human relations.

Among the moderns, Picasso, Soutine, Modigliani and Rouault of the older generation, and Venard, Guignebert, Aujame, Lorjou and Clavé among the younger generation, however different their work may be, have something in common.

To place Picasso in a category has always been difficult, and he himself has always jumped on any new 'ism' and used it to further his own ends. But even *he* seems to be moving in the same current today. His paintings shown recently in London could certainly not have been catalogued as Cubist or Impressionist. Still less were they Abstract or Surrealist. They contained a note of realism and an undercurrent of the horrors of our epoch. They were, in fact, Expressionist.

As always happens, the new movement

[*Continued on page 53*

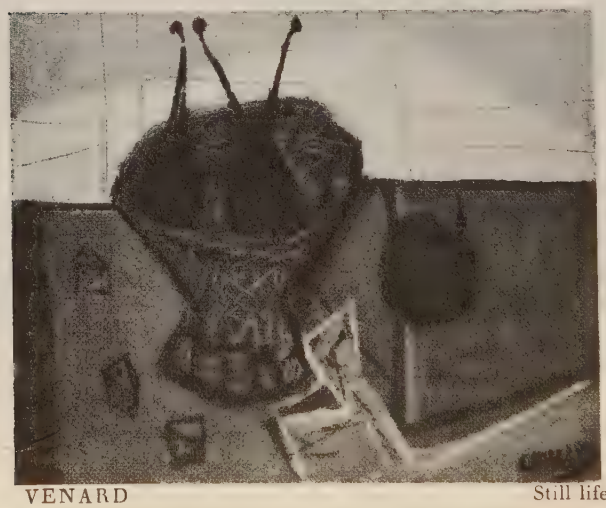
Mr. Ascher

CLAVÉ

Moravian Peasant

By courtesy of the Anglo-French Art Centre

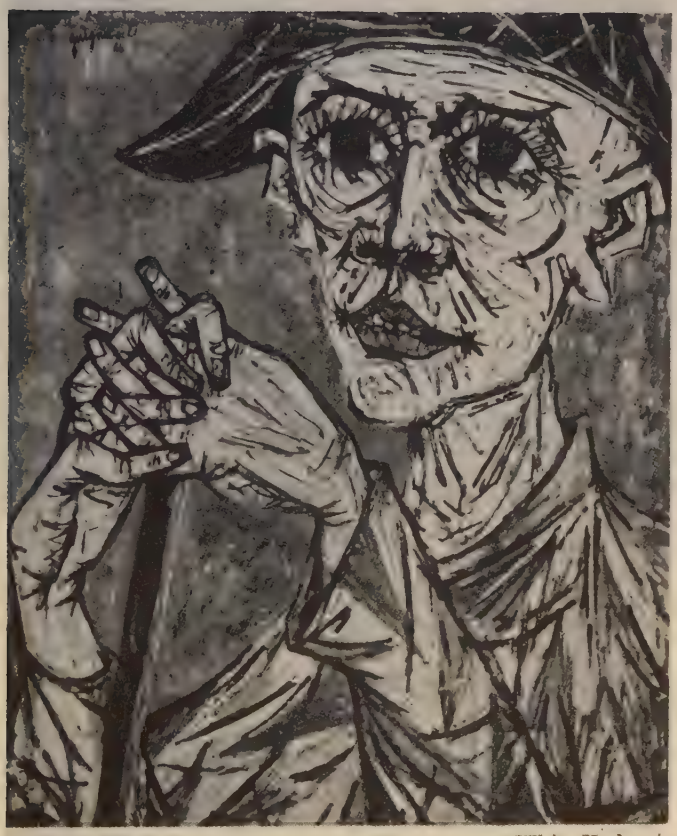
DESNOYER — Portrait of a Girl



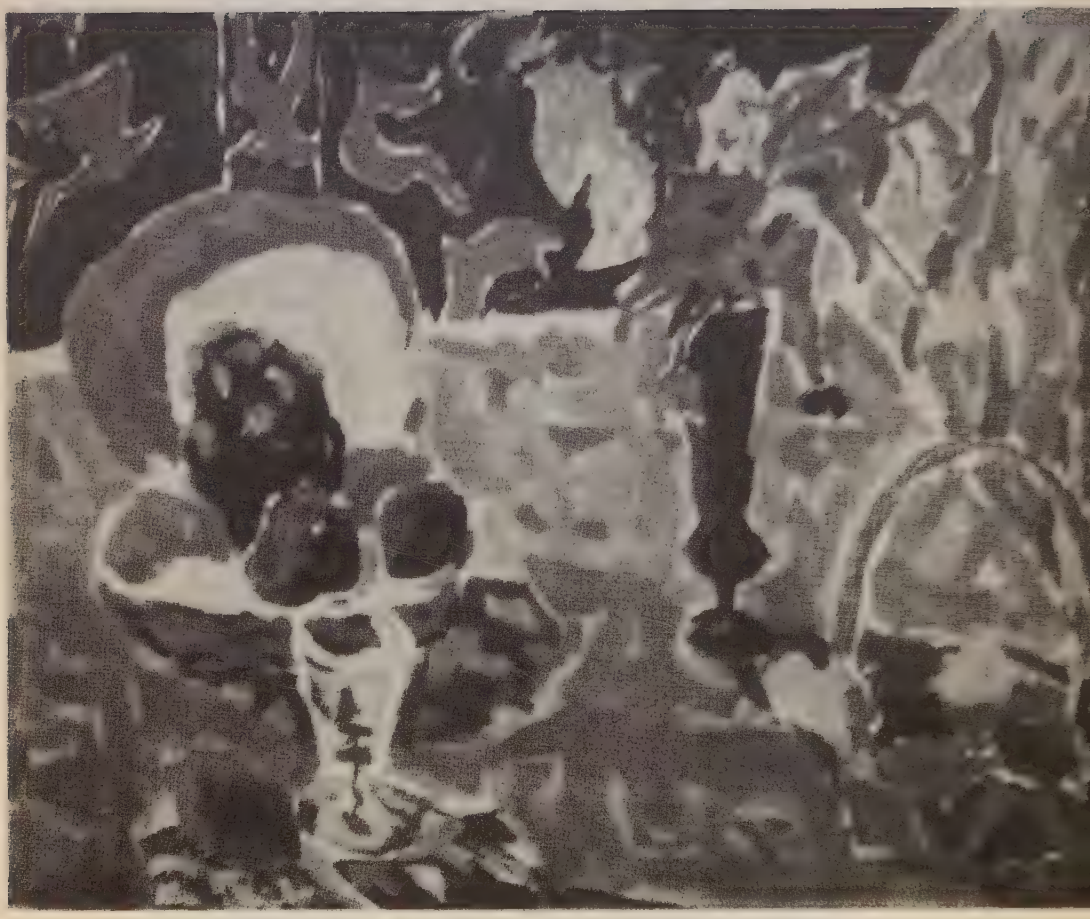
VENARD — Still life

By courtesy of the Anglo-French Art Centre

LAGRANGE — Composition



GUIGNEBERT — White Harlequin



CAVAILLES

Still

Continued from page 48]

counts among its adherents those who would have been surprised to learn even of its existence.

The William Blake exhibition in Paris was 'claimed' both by the Surrealists and the Existentialists, who had always quarrelled as to which of them 'owned' Kafka.

Expressionism already claims Rouault and Soutine, the latter dead since 1942. It might even go so far as to claim Breughel. It can certainly claim an affinity with many of the greatest artists of all time in so far as it is concerned with the very essence of all art.

This growing movement unites artists who have their roots in all the various preceding movements. At first sight they, too, may appear to be following in the footsteps of their elders. Their means of expression is influenced by the discoveries of the accepted masters of the world of painting today. But they have a very different outlook from artists such as Esteve, Manessier, Cavailles or Limouse, who are direct descendants of Bonnard and Matisse, and who are concerned in taking those methods of expression a stage further. Different, too, from the outlook of Gromaire, Pignon or Desnoyer, who show in their work a great affinity with the Cubists.

Influence of Environment

The rival faction, the Expressionists, are just as influenced by their elders in their form, but the spirit behind their work is very different.

The preoccupation now is not with planes and surfaces, as with the Cubists and their descendants, or with the inner emotional content as with the Surrealists. Nor is it the Abstractionists leaning towards their organisation of shapes and colours which have no direct connection with reality.

The little watertight compartments of these movements that have given so much to contemporary art, and have widened means of expression, are being broken down, and painters of very different theoretical origins are being united in a common cause.

The reasons for this change of face, which is a very fundamental one, are not hard to find.

As always, there is the reaction to past movements which is part of the pattern of art. The narrow paths of Cubism or Surrealism have led a group of painters, in each case, to a point so logically opposed to each other that they have nothing left in common except a palette and a brush in their hands. Expressionism is trying to escape from this labyrinth.

The war has also been responsible for a lot, and with the whirlwind of emotions that is unleashed, the painter expresses consciously or unconsciously his feelings on the subject. Not, of course, by depicting scenes of disaster, desolation or of concentration camps. These have been recorded only too faithfully by the camera. It is rather in the violence of their reactions towards the happenings of this world that their painting is distinguishable from that of the continuers of the older movements. When Picasso paints a still life, Rouault a clown, Clavé a peasant girl, Lorjou a composition, Venard or Lagrange a still life, Guignebert a portrait, one feels in all their pictures a disquiet, an oppression, a violence that are direct indications of our epoch, and which show that the artists are thinking more of the content of their subjects than the methods they are using to portray them.

Then again, Montparnasse, with its cafés and the close contact between artists, was a breeding-ground for rival art movements which sometimes were the result of purely theoretical reasoning rather than of a deep-felt need. Today, conditions keep the painter in his studio far more, and he has plenty of time to brood over the aftermath of war. There is also perhaps a certain lassitude born of this Montparnassian promiscuity, and a kind of mental indigestion. One thing is certain. The bearded, bow-tied artist has given way to the respectable bank-clerk type, who may sometimes talk about his favourite 'ism', but whose heart is no longer in it.

Although André Breton, the arch-Surrealist, may try a triumphant entry back into Paris, and Jean-Paul Sartre may try to integrate a group of painters into his Existentialism, the reaction on the whole is lethargic.

Expressionism is almost certainly the beginning of a new movement that will break down the barriers which separate one form of art from another, and will bring us back to an older conception of art and the artist.

Let us look more closely at some of these painters who represent the new group very well.

Venard, for instance, is very obviously influenced by his elders, Picasso and Braque. So is Guignebert. Even their subject matter recalls the compositions of their masters. But it is also obvious that, whereas Picasso and Braque were working out a new form of expression in purely aesthetic terms, these two young painters have not got the same problems. For them the language of pure form and formalised colour is already there with its grammar and syntax. Their work lies in using this language for their own purposes—that of expressing something of what they feel about life and the times they live in. This is much clearer when they paint a portrait, although even in abstract composition one can still feel a certain tragedy, and a certain bitterness. Portraiture for them, as for Clavé, Permeke or Humblot, is a moving human document.

This conception is a long way from the Cubist portraits of Ambrose Vollard or Ude by Picasso, which were almost pure experiment in the new language of the time.

It is also a long way from the conception of painters like Cavailles or Desnoyer, who, each in his own way, is continuing along the paths laid out by the post-Impressionists and the Cubists respectively.

The difficulty lies in seeing at first sight the fundamental difference between these two broad schools, since in form they are so similar. The only way is through the reaction of the spectator who is more moved and feels more strongly about one than the other; which is as it should be, since all art should be that very thing—a moving document which enriches the experience of the onlooker.

This new trend will perhaps bridge the gap that exists between the artists and their public: a gap that has widened so enormously in the years since the beginning of Impressionism into a state of antipathy on the part of the public, and a corresponding introspection of the artist.

The younger painters of today are far more in contact with the everyday life of the world than were their elders who have sacrificed everything in order to renew the language of painting which, at the time of Ingres and David, was in danger of becoming a lifeless academism.

Now the road ahead is clear for a return to a complete form of expression which will be part of the life of society, and which will also allow artist and public to understand each other. 'Art criticism' will die a natural death.

Art must be parochial in the beginning to become cosmopolitan in the end.

Hail and Farewell! by George Moore.

The assertion that art may be good art and at the same time incomprehensible to a great number of people, is extremely unjust; and its consequences are ruinous to art itself.

Tolstoy

Sydney Box

AND THE PROBLEM OF PRODUCTION

PATRICK GIBBS

Six months have now passed since the Chancellor of the Exchequer, faced with the necessity of drastically reducing dollar expenditure, imposed a seventy-five per cent tax on the profits earned in this country by American films. Six months have passed, and yet the result of this action on the British Cinema remains uncertain.

At first it seemed as if the American film would vanish from our screens. Hollywood, confronted with what she considered an unfair tax, threatened to withhold her productions, completely and indefinitely. It is a threat that has been carried out: during the past six months no new American film has been imported, no duty paid.

However, initial anger in Hollywood has since given way to anxiety. A reluctance to forego so much profit in a good market has persisted, but it is now accompanied by an increasingly strong feeling that it would be better to pay the tax than risk losing the market altogether. As I write, negotiations are being carried on between the American Film Industry and the Treasury to see if the desired number of dollars can be saved without recourse to a profits tax; no doubt an increased market is being offered for British films in America in return for some concession in the tax. But whatever the result of these negotiations, it is unlikely that Hollywood will adhere to her original intention to deprive Britain of new films altogether. Twenty-five per cent of profit, even to a film magnate, seems better than no profit at all.

SYDNEY BOX, '*mass producer*' *of feature films*

But what if there were—as at first appeared likely—to be no American films in our cinemas for some years to come? Distributors of films and cinema owners have declared with great clamour that such an occurrence would mean ruin for the British Film Industry. Producers, the people who actually make the films, have said that it would be impossible for our studios to fill the gap in screen time resulting

from a withdrawal of American films. These two cries can be interpreted by the detached as meaning, perhaps, that there would be less money made in the cinema, and that programmes could not be changed as they now are in all major provincial cinemas, every week.

As for audiences—the greatest number who are most affected—they have no spokesman to raise a complaint. It is probable that, if their opinion could be gauged, it would be found that they would miss the American film, but not to the extent they would have done a few years ago. It would be missed more for the variety it affords than for the quality; it is dependent for a following more on its unchallenged past than its uninspiring present. For the British film, numerically in a minority, has been climbing into favour; American productions have been losing ground.

This loss of popularity can to a large extent be attributed to a change of attitude in English audiences. Between Europe and America the war drove a wedge of different experience: it was, briefly, the difference between the bombed and the unbombed. British films were made virtually in the front line, while Hollywood remained remote and out of touch with the struggle. American films suddenly seemed out of date and artificial: less pretentious English productions gave more genuine satisfaction. Now it is only a few stars and sheer force of numbers that keep American films in the ascendant at the Box Office: a Bette Davis or a Greer Garson can still fill a house on their name alone. But so disappointing have been most recent films from Hollywood that it has seemed that their worth was to be reckoned not in dollars but in dimes.

Quantity or Quality?

In quality, then, British films can now surpass the best of the Americans; only in quantity do our studios lag behind. The 4,500 major cinemas in Great Britain need some 450 full-length films a year. Of that total our own studios have in the past been able to provide about forty-five—a mere ten per cent. If more films could be made here, competition might start in earnest with the Americans, but until that happens we compete only artistically—not commercially. Thus it came about that, in order to satisfy the appetites of filmgoers for frequent changes of programme, no less than one-third of the American loan was spent on films; and thus arose the Government's decision to prevent that drainage of dollars.

The British film industry had, of course, appreciated the position long before it became critical: more than a year ago Mr. Rank had taken steps to increase the output from his studios. His team of Independent Producers, using studios at Denham and Pinewood, had already turned out some fine films, which individually received acclaim and even earned a few dollars in the United States. Among them were the Archers, who made 'A Matter of Life and Death'; Cineguild, producers of 'This Happy Breed', 'Blithe Spirit' and 'Brief Encounter', and Individual, who have to their credit 'The Rake's Progress', 'Captain Boycott' and 'Green for Danger'. But these producers, although making excellent films, made few of them, averaging perhaps two films each in a year.

So it was that in August 1945 Mr. Rank, with his eye very much on 'production' as an industrialist knows the word, appointed Sydney Box as Managing Director of Gainsborough, which has studios at Shepherd's Bush and Islington. Mr. Box straightway announced that he would treble output at the two studios, that he would keep always three films in production simultaneously, and that he would turn out a new film every month. This is a promise that has been kept, though whether quality has not in the process of mass-production been sacrificed to quantity is a debatable point. Personally I think that it has and it hasn't. By this paradox I mean that the Sydney Box films individually do not attain the standard set by the Independent Producers, but not because of the speed with which they are made. Films

BONAR COLLEANO, JEAN KENT *and* HUGH MCDERMOTT *in a scene from 'Good Time Girl'. The plot is apparently based on the 'Cleft Chin' murder*

of the highest class are not, I think, to be expected from Sydney Box, however long he might be given to make them. He is a naturally quick worker, getting a story written, cast and on the floor in the minimum of time; but he is not, I should say, a very finished artist, or indeed an artist at all, except in the commercial sense. This judgment is confirmed by his own words: 'I believe that a film producer should be a man who combines business ability with artistic taste . . . in about equal portions.' Business ability he puts first. The type of film turned out by Gainsborough, as well as the quantity, shows that Mr. Box is very much his own ideal—as a producer.

The Dynamic Sydney Box

Sydney Box, now just over forty years of age, was formerly a journalist. As well as journalism and the writing of novels, he collaborated with his wife, Muriel, in some sixty one-act plays. From short plays it was a small step to short films, and by 1940 he had formed his own company, Unity Films, which in its first two years made no less than 120 short films, instructional and informative, for the three Services and the Ministry of Information. Then came another step, no less natural, hardly any greater in extent: he turned to the wider field of feature films, producing the much-praised 'On Approval' for Clive Brook, and three films for the Two Cities Company, among them the successful 'English without Tears' and 'The Flemish Farm'. With these successes behind him, he decided to launch out on his own; soon he had formed his own company at the Riverside Studios, Hammersmith, and before long one of his first productions was to be seen in London, acclaimed alike by critics and public, justifying in fact that overworked word 'sensational'.

This extraordinarily successful film, 'The Seventh Veil', was completed in a very short time and cost less than £100,000. It had, in terms of the cinema, all those indefinable qualities which go to make a best-seller among novels. The story, which also deserves the description sensational—it was hardly worthy of a novelette—was told with a zest and sincerity which might have been accorded to some venerated classic. And it was acted with no less

animation and sincerity by a cleverly chosen cast headed by James Mason and Ann Todd. Miss Todd was the pianist, who played, loved, lost the use of her hands, only to have it restored by that favourite film character—a psychiatrist, and Mason was perfectly in character as the slightly sadistic guardian whom she really loved. The ingredients of a success were, for once, perfectly fused: the result was a film which made an international reputation—and paved the way for a career for its producer in the Rank organisation.

Since Sydney Box moved to Gainsborough at Mr. Rank's invitation eighteen months ago, productions have passed through the two studios at a bewildering rate. First came 'The Man Within', from Graham Greene's novel, with Michael Redgrave and Jean Kent; then followed 'The Brothers', an adaptation of L. A. G. Strong's novel, with Patricia Roc; 'The Upturned Glass' with James Mason and Rosamund John; 'Holiday Camp', specially written by Godfrey Winn, in which Flora Robson, Dennis Price and Hazel Court appeared; and 'Jassy', from the novel by Norah Lofts, which had Margaret Lockwood in the leading part. A film a month was promised, and from April of last year a film each month has been produced. When the first of this new series appeared in April, six other films were in the making at Gainsborough, eleven scripts were awaiting studio space, and about twenty-three others were in course of preparation.

Topical Subjects

In his work Sydney Box is helped by his wife and sister. Muriel Box is scenario editor at Shepherd's Bush, and has been associated with her husband in the production of several films, and Betty Box is producer at the newly-opened Islington studios. Mr. Box, himself very young for a position of so much responsibility, places his confidence in youth; there are not only young stars in the making at Gainsborough, but also young writers and directors. Particular emphasis is laid on the importance of writers. 'However long I go on producing films,' Mr. Box said, 'I shall always think of myself as a writer.' He attributes the artistic success of the Independent Producers to the fact that they nearly always write their own scripts. 'The whole edifice of the film industry is built upon its writers,' he says. 'We have got to find more of them.'

At present I detect two distinct tendencies at the Gainsborough Studios: one is to adapt best-selling novels suitable to a star such as Margaret Lockwood; the other to have scripts written around some topic or incident which might have been the subject of a newspaper headline. 'Holiday Camp', commissioned from Godfrey Winn, was just such a topical subject, with a character much resembling the murderer, Heath, making a sordid—and many thought distasteful—appearance. 'Rescue', which has recently been completed with Phyllis Calvert in a leading part, has another topical subject, being based on the episode of the Dakota which crashed on an Alpine glacier last April and became the centre for a few days of much newspaper comment. And 'Good Time Girl', now in production, seems to owe much of its plot and characterisation to the 'Cleft Chin' murder in which an American soldier shot the driver of a car, with an English girl as his accomplice. Jean Kent has a leading part in this film, with Bonar Colleano, Hugh McDermott and Dennis Price. And after the topical holiday camp comes the equally topical football pool, to be the subject of a comedy called 'Easy Money' in which Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford appear.

To the stage, it seems, Mr. Box does not normally look for his film subjects, although St. John Clowes' play, 'Dear Murderer', was made by Gainsborough into a fair film, starring Eric Portman, and an adaptation of 'Miranda', a play about a mermaid in society which I saw recently at the Embassy Theatre, is at present in production at Shepherd's Bush with Glynis Johns as the Mermaid. Other new productions, planned, in progress or completed—with Sydney Box the words are almost

MARCEL DALIO, GUY MIDDLETON, DENNIS PRICE *and* STANLEY HOLLOWAY *in 'Snowbound'—another example of a script woven round a topical story*

synonymous—include 'When the Bough Breaks', 'The Calendar' and 'Snowbound'.

'When the Bough Breaks' can be said to continue the series of topical subjects. Mr. Box says it will 'spotlight the two topical social issues of bigamy and child adoption', and intends it to be the first of a series of 'sociological studies'. Rosamund John and Patricia Roc portray mothers who fight for possession of a child. 'The Calendar' is a re-make of the Edgar Wallace racing story—the first of five projected comedies for such people as Jack Warner, Kathleen Harrison, and the Naunton Wayne–Basil Radford team. 'Snowbound', from a first novel by Hammond Innes called 'The Lonely Skier', is an exciting story of a treasure-hunt in the Alps with an illustrious cast that includes Robert Newton, Dennis Price and the French star, Mila Parely. Other projects embrace four 'open air' films, beginning with a canal drama, 'Street Paved with Water'. 'This,' Mr. Box says, 'will be an all-out attempt to put the British countryside on the screen.' Frederick March is coming from Hollywood to play in 'Christopher Columbus' from the novel by Rafael Sabatini, and 'Byron' has gone into production with Dennis Price as the poet whom Caroline Lamb described as 'mad, bad and dangerous to know.'

Sydney Box, it will be realised from this necessarily condensed account of his activities at the end of eighteen months with the Rank organisation, is indefatigable. Three films always on the floor, three more always ready; thus he achieves his film a month. And so, if it did come about that no American films came to these islands, we would have Mr. Box to thank for a large proportion of the English productions that would have by some arrangement to fill our cinemas. That these films should achieve the highest standard is hardly to be expected; that they are, on the whole, satisfactory is indeed a matter for praise of the organisation which turns them out in such efficient fashion. For Mr. Rank the Independent Producers provide the hand-made goods: to Sydney Box he looks, and does not look in vain, for the hardly inferior mass-produced article. On Gainsborough we can depend for one 'good' English film—one a month.

PROFILE (7)

The Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.C., M.P.

J. R. ST. JOHN

In the Palace of Westminster two private rooms are allotted for the use of the Opposition. One belongs to Winston Churchill, the other to Anthony Eden. In the eyes, too, of the public they stand together in a class apart from the rest of their Party—one its unchallengeable and hallowed leader, the other his almost inevitable successor.

It is now over twelve years since Mr. Baldwin sent the young man with the famous hat and looks to the Foreign Office to cope with the dictators. We have grown to know the hat and the looks, now enhanced by a becoming greyness, as part of the national scene, but somehow the man himself remains an enigma. His long experience in an office, said to rise above Party conflict, made him appear almost in the guise of a civil servant and assume a personality that was perennially tactful and reserved. But it was a rôle for which he was well fitted by nature and training; the Edens have usually been diplomats and his mother was a Grey—he was merely carrying on the family profession.

When not governing the country, his family turned to their estates and seldom involved themselves with the realities of industry. He was born fifty years ago and brought up in an atmosphere of Edwardian prosperity, remote from the storms that were simmering and in which war was still only a colourful adventure. As a matter of course, he was sent to Eton and then, suddenly, his world fell to pieces. At eighteen he went up to the trenches, and by the time of the Armistice two of his brothers had been killed and another had been taken a prisoner-of-war.

Though horrified at the carnage, he himself took well to the Army, winning the M.C. as a Subaltern in the Sixtieth Rifles and later becoming an efficient Brigade Major. He is what you might call a natural soldier, and his appearance and character still have a distinctly military flavour. But as soon as he could get his release, he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, to complete his education, gaining a First Class Honours Degree in Oriental Languages, after which he decided to enter politics. He was invited to stand in a by-election, and at the age of twenty-six went to Westminster as the Conservative Member for Warwick and Leamington.

The eager, yet perfectly-bred, young man could now hardly fail to succeed. In 1926 Austen Chamberlain made him his P.P.S.; in 1931 he was appointed Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, and in 1934 Lord Privy Seal. It was the next year, as Minister for League of Nations Affairs, that he really began to make history, by being the first British Minister to visit Russia since the Revolution.

Firmly-Held Principles

When you meet him for the first time, you realise at once that the stories about his charm and lack of affectation are by no means exaggerated. His manners have the easy confidence of the English country gentleman, of the Officers' Mess on guest night—perhaps an acquired technique, though one which is entirely convincing.

You also realise that they cover a stubborn will and firmly-held convictions. Any ideas about Eden having Leftish tendencies are soon dissipated. The Industrial Charter is 'pure Tory creed'; the country needs more capitalists, not fewer; the Government contains some earnest and sincere men, but perverted by their doctrinaire outlook.

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In the Conservative Party, Eden is somewhere near the centre, which is the right place for a leader. Although he may be criticised for not attacking the Government hard enough, and there may be a certain amount of head-shaking in corners of the Carlton Club, the applause he won at the Brighton Conference showed that he has the backing of the large majority. They know he has always struck the imagination of the floating voter and that, after Churchill, he is the Party's strongest asset.

It has been a long climb back into the Party's favour since that day in February, 1938, when he resigned from the Chamberlain Cabinet over the talks with Mussolini. That meant a voluntary exile into a Tory wilderness with Churchill and a handful of supporters. It was true that, after the outbreak of war, Chamberlain had him back as the Secretary for the Dominions, but the breach with the bulk of the Party was far from healed.

Public Life and Private Tastes

By the time Churchill became Prime Minister, events had disposed of the old controversy. Eden went to the War Office, in a memorable broadcast initiated the L.D.V.s, and, still the natural soldier, never felt more at home. But it wasn't to last for long, for when Lord Halifax was sent to Washington, he had to return to his old desk at the Foreign Office. It was the climax of his career, and the start of those years of interminable conferences and travel to the ends of the earth. His underlings, as before, found him a pleasant person to work with. Few probably guessed that he has succeeded in conquering a violent temper inherited from his father, so that it only makes itself felt when he is grossly overtired.

In those days he so seldom got home that, in the end, the Edens moved into a converted office on the top floor of the Foreign Office. Today he finds that in opposition life can be much more agreeable. He has established himself in a small, pleasant house in Mayfair, and has seized the opportunity to grow more roots outside politics, planting them on the boards of the Westminster Bank and the Phoenix Assurance Company. He is also a trustee of the National Gallery and is able to indulge his love of French painting. A figure by Marie Laurençin gazes across his study at a Derain landscape. His other house on the Sussex Downs is filled with Segonzac, Corot and Bonington.

There is time, too, to snatch a long week-end there nearly every month. They run a small market-garden, and Eden spends most of the time digging; in the summer it's usually weeding, though there are also many hard-fought, if not brilliant, games of lawn tennis with his son, on holiday from Eton. The house itself dates back to Charles II and is furnished with fine antiques collected by Mrs. Eden, who is only politely interested in politics.

At the time of the General Election he was exhausted by years of office and by trouble with a duodenal ulcer. Last year a holiday in Eire completed the recovery of his health and now he is able to take a good deal of the burden of organising the Opposition off Mr. Churchill, who is immersed in writing his war memoirs and is, anyhow, something of a rule unto himself. The result has been that a new Eden has been beginning to appear. When, during the war, he took over the leadership of the House, there were signs that the polite phrases of the Foreign Office could give way to something more human. Today his language is still unimpeachably parliamentary, but he is showing that he knows how to hit hard when he wants to. He is also good at his own brand of ridicule — sarcasm would be out of character; it can probably be best described as 'ragging'.

At fifty he is politically still a young man. So far he has always had to serve under men (Baldwin, Chamberlain, Churchill) who in different ways have been dominating masters. Recent developments in his own character make you suspect that an Eden, finally free from all restraints, may well have surprises for everyone.

The New Policy for the New Time

THIS crisis affords a great opportunity, which in itself is an imperious summons to meet the peril which menaces us at home and abroad by proclaiming a policy adequate to the occasion.

What policy, it will be asked, is adequate to the occasion?

Common sense is the only guide to common safety, and for the counsels of common sense we need not go further than a few homely precepts in which the wisdom of many has been crystallised by the wit of one.

The Three Rules

The first of these, which should be written up in all Foreign and Colonial Ministries, at the War Office, at the Admiralty, and especially in all Editorial Sanctums, is the golden precept: 'Cut your coat according to your cloth.' The second principle is roughly expressed by 'First things first', in which simple but pregnant phrase lies the whole philosophy of political perspective. The third is, 'Look well to your Foundations', for it is no use gilding the statue if the pedestal is undermined. The application of these three principles to the problems which are calling for solution would result in the definition of a national and imperial policy which could be prosecuted with steadiness and irresistible force by the united people.

'Look to the Foundations!'

The real work to which the New Policy for the New Time summons the energies of the Commonweath is the quickening of the sluggish intelligence of our people, the concentration of attention upon the revival of British industry, and the re-establishment of our manufacturing supremacy. Education in all its branches, from the Kindergarten to the University, is the one chance of success. Whether it is in agriculture, in commerce, or in manufacture, the old policy of *laisser-faire* has broken down.

The Condition of the People Question

Whatever else seems in doubt, one thing seems certain. Our people will have to work a good deal harder and play less than they have been doing of late. And this being so, it should be a matter of national interest as well as of national pride to improve by all available means the lot of those on whom toil will press more heavily than before. Here also the State as an Intelligence Department might do good service by using all the means at its disposal to level up the condition of the rank and file in the army of labour to the highest standard reached in the camp of any of our competitors. Adequate provision must be made for the adjudicating of disputes, which, left to themselves, breed mutinies in the camp at the very moment when the enemy thunders at our gates.

The Psychology of Golf

Dr. Louis Robinson has an interesting paper on this subject, in which he suggests psychological explanations to account, both for the fascinations which golf exercises upon its votaries, and for the mistakes which add so much interest to the game:

> It is because golf compels those of us who take it up in adult life to begin again at the beginning, that it helps us to appreciate some of the elementary conditions of semi-automatic acts. It is essential to give one's whole self to each stage of the game if anything like success is to be hoped for. But one must do it in a kind of passive and animal fashion, committing the business as it were to that sub-agent of the will who has charge of the automatic department. Any attempt to bring the conscious will into play, as one is often tempted to do after a series of exasperating failures, at once sets the automatic department on strike. The very fact that the attention is directed toward any object is often sufficient to send the ball spinning in that direction, although the hazard was in reality looked at merely that it might be avoided. Such errors are best avoided by fixing the mind solely upon the object to be achieved at the moment of driving, to the exclusion of all else.

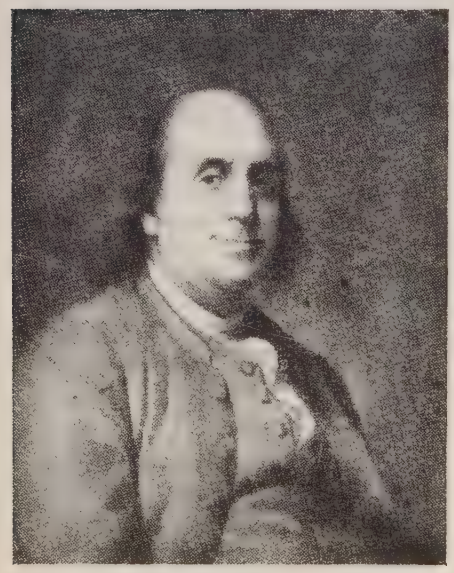
The Mission of Literature

Mr. T. W. Hunt, Professor of English Literature in Princeton University, asks:

> What constitutes the real mission of literature? What makes the man of letters and his work potential for good? We answer (1) The conception, embodiment, and interpretation of some great idea or principle. (2) The correct interpretation of the spirit of the age. (3) The interpretation of human nature to itself and to the world. (4) The presentation and enforcement of high ideals.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

REVIEWED BY RICHARD WILLIAMS



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–1790). *American statesman, scientist, philosopher and man of letters*

No autobiography ever tells the whole truth. Even Jean Jacques Rousseau, who set out to confess everything and never deceive the reader, often deceived himself. Frankness in a self-portrait is usually selective. Benjamin Franklin avoided most of the pitfalls, and his autobiography, written in old age, succeeds in giving a vivid, objective account of one of the most interesting figures in American history. It is a short book of barely two hundred pages, and it gives only a skeleton account of its author's very crowded career, but Franklin's character is fully revealed: the industriousness which derived from his puritanical background, his urbanity which made him a happy man, the wisdom and foresight which made him one of America's most successful ambassadors, and the scientific curiosity which finally brought him world-wide fame.

Franklin was born in Boston, Mass., in 1706. It was a time for Puritans and pioneers. There were new worlds to be charted and fortunes to be made, provided one worked hard enough. The industrial revolution still lay some years ahead, and it would be longer still before it reached America. There was a Field Marshal's baton in every soldier's haversack, and all office boys were potential millionaires. Industry and frugality were the keys to success, and Franklin recurs constantly to the theme. *His* dream, after all, came true.

'From the poverty and obscurity in which I was born, and in which I passed my earliest years, I have raised myself to a state of affluence and some degree of celebrity in the world. As constant good fortune has accompanied me even to an advanced period of life, my posterity will perhaps be desirous of learning the means which I employed and which, thanks to Providence, so well succeeded with me.'

At the age of ten, because of poverty at home, he was taken away from school and set to learn his father's trade. An innate curiosity made up for his lack of a formal education. As a child he read widely; his

two real mentors in those early days were Defoe and Bunyan, two writers with whom he had many affinities. Like Defoe he was the son of a tallow chandler, and like Defoe he first made his name as a journalist. Both had a lively mind and an observant eye, and they could write lucidly on any subject. But it was Bunyan, perhaps, who left the deepest impression on the young Franklin. *Pilgrim's Progress*, standard reading for all children in the eighteenth century, was put into his hands (or, more likely, he found it himself) when he was ten years old, and it gave him the background of serious religious purpose which, however much it mellowed and was modified in later life, never really left him. He remained a Puritan—though a worldly Puritan—to the end.

The *Autobiography* is Samuel Smiles's *Self Help* come true. The story of his early struggles is modestly told, without a trace of self-pity. Life was hard and employers were tough, but the right principles must triumph in the end, and Franklin manages to convey, quite unconsciously, an extraordinary sense of inevitability about each new step which raised him a little further out of obscurity and poverty. One can see the old man looking back across the years and saying to himself: 'Anyone can do what I did, if they follow my precepts.' Here he is writing of himself at the age of twenty-three:

'In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman I took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid the appearances to the contrary. I dressed plain and was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out fishing or shooting; a book indeed sometimes debauched me from my work, but that was seldom, was private, and gave no scandal.'

His Prodigious Industry

He was soon dissatisfied with life as a candle-maker's apprentice, disappeared from home, and found work in a New York printing house. It was the most decisive step he ever took. Printing led to journalism and to commercial success; he founded his own newspaper and wrote *Poor Richard's Almanac*. In those days almanacs, with their homely wisdom, prophecies, jokes, maxims and tracts for the times, were certain best-sellers; they were frequently the only publication to enter American homes. *Poor Richard* prospered from the start; it reached a circulation of 10,000, brought Franklin a substantial fortune, and made him something of a national figure.

His industry was prodigious. The day began at five in the morning, and he worked without respite until bedtime at nine o'clock. He had several newspapers to edit; he was appointed Clerk to the General Assembly of Philadelphia, and in his spare time, he learnt five foreign languages. It was enough to keep a beaver busy, but not Franklin. While he was still only twenty-four, he started the first American subscription library. He drafted the proposals, found the subscribers, and, like everything else he touched, the venture prospered. Then he inspired the formation of the Union Fire Company—the first beginning, in America, of the modern fire insurance business. From there he went on to reorganise the local fire service and the police. Another activity was the creation of the Philadelphia regiment, a local Home Guard, which he proposed and took a leading share in forming. At about this time, too, he was appointed Postmaster of Philadelphia, a post which, as he disarmingly points out, enabled him to reorganise an inefficient service and also improve the circulation and distribution of his own newspaper. Franklin's motives were usually a judicious mixture of a high regard for the public good with a watchful eye on his private interests. But in all the offices he ever held he kept free from corruption.

One of Franklin's more amiable weaknesses was his liking for surreptitious writing. It gave him an opportunity for indulging his special sense of irony, framing hoaxes and expressing opinions, which would otherwise not have been suspected from the pillar of Philadelphian society which he had become. As editor, publisher

and printer, he was in a position to issue pamphlets, broadsheets and letters under any pseudonym he pleased, and to see that the secret of authorship was well kept.

The best known of these surreptitious writings today (now canonised in his collected works) is his *Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of His Mistress*, written in the form of a letter to a friend. He gives excellent reasons for marriage as the only remedy fit to diminish the 'violent natural inclinations you mention. It is the most natural state of man, and therefore the state in which you are most likely to find solid happiness. . . . A single man has not nearly the value he would have in a state of union. He is an incomplete animal.' 'But if,' the anonymous Franklin went on, 'if you will not take this counsel and persist in thinking a commerce with the sex inevitable, then I repeat my former advice, that in all your amours you should prefer old women to young ones.' One by one he gives his reasons:

'Because they have more knowledge of the world, and their minds are better stored with observations, their conversation is more improving and more lastingly agreeable. . . . Because there is no hazard of children. . . . Because through more experience they are more prudent and discreet in conducting an intrigue. . . . Because the sin is less. The debauching a virgin may be her ruin and make her for life unhappy. . . . Because the compunction is less. The having made a young girl miserable may give you frequent bitter reflection; none of which can attend the making an old woman happy. . . . And lastly, they are so grateful!'

Citizen of the World

Franklin in his surreptitious writings shows the obverse side of the Puritan penny. He had a lively sense of fun and was wholly free from hypocrisy. Experience had taught him that he could only survive and succeed in the dusty arena at the cost of a firm discipline; his only indulgence was hard work. But he had a large circle of friends; he took an intense interest in the life of Philadelphia and yet he remained a broad, wise and tolerant citizen of the world.

After middle age honours and duties crowned in on him. His own affairs were secure; he was prosperous, and he could afford to devote more time to serving his country, and, more important still, to pursuing the scientific interests which increasingly absorbed him. He belongs to the small circle of men who, without any formal scientific training, have made important and fundamental contributions in the field of science. Nothing was too trivial for his attention. He invented a smoke-consuming stove which became very popular. Franklin deliberately refrained from taking out patents; he felt that no individual ought to profit from a device which served the public good. He designed a new kind of street lamp with vents so that the candle would not blacken the glass with smoke. And he claimed that, when it was adopted in Philadelphia, that city was for years better lit than London! He carried out pioneer research on dyes and —his most important single contribution— he was the first to discover that lightning was a form of electricity. The paper which he wrote on the subject brought his membership and the Gold Medal of the Royal Society. The result of his work can be seen on any church spire today — he originated the lightning rod.

When war broke out between the American colonies and Britain, Franklin was sent to Paris to represent his country. He conducted himself skilfully through the complicated politics and intrigues of the time. In France his reputation as philosopher, scientist and sage was immense. But Franklin remained unchanged, except for his failing health. He was urbane, gracious and witty; the old rustic philosopher from the Wild West had captured the heart of Paris. When he died, shortly after his return to America, an old man of eighty-four, the National Assembly of France went into mourning for three days.

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New Books

COMES THE RECKONING

By Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, K.C.M.G. *Putnam.* 18s.

Reviewed by Earl Birkenhead

In his latest book, Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart brings his vivid and memorable career a stage further. In 1939 he was asked to undertake a lecture tour in America in an effort to combat the anti-British feeling that was sweeping the country as a result of Munich. In this effort he was not successful, and, indeed, it was a harrowing and miserable experience to be insulted at dinner parties, howled at on platforms and having to listen to a constant flow of criticism and abuse of England, typified by Dorothy Parker's *mot* about Chamberlain's flight to Munich—'the first Prime Minister in history to crawl at 250 miles an hour.'

He returned sadly to England, and to Whitehall, first as an original member, and afterwards as Director-General of the English Foreign Propaganda services. His immense knowledge of Czechoslovakia also led to his appointment as our Representative with the Provisional Czech Government in London. This latter appointment gave him great pleasure, for it brought him in touch again with his old friends, the gay and accomplished Masaryk, and the exiled President of the Republic, Beneš. It brought him also considerable anxiety. Sir Robert describes himself well as a temperamental Scot, and he was greatly disturbed by the prolonged failure, through no fault of his own, to obtain the recognition of the Provisional Government. His two Czech friends were in despair. 'Are we to regard,' asked Masaryk bitterly, 'the Czech airmen who died for England as "provisionally" dead?'

For the rest, the book is largely an interesting account of the development of our foreign propaganda from its muddled beginnings to the successful end. It started as is usual in England in a state of wild chaos, and was for a long time the object of a great deal of hostile criticism, with much of which Sir Robert himself agreed. But there was little he could do at first to improve matters. Owing to the haphazard manner in which the Propaganda Departments were put together, the Political Intelligence Department found itself functioning under no less than three ministers, often holding contrary views, and it was not until a considerable time later that it was established jointly under Mr. Eden and Mr. Bracken, with Sir Robert at its head. This was a very complicated story, and it is possible that Sir Robert devotes too much detail to a matter unlikely to interest readers outside Whitehall.

He quickly realised that this new Department, practising its suspect art and staffed by a strange menagerie of dons, soldiers, journalists, advertising men and schoolmasters, was not likely to appeal to the established Departments at Whitehall, such as the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, with their long tradition. They regarded P.I.D., the cover name for the Political Warfare Executive, with great initial suspicion, and it is enormously to the credit of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart that, by the end of the war, this suspicion had almost entirely disappeared. Under his control the Department grew into a great organisation, broadcasting every twenty-four hours to Europe 160,000 words in twenty-three different languages. Their leaflets, and the miniature newspapers for dropping were also masterpieces of the printer's art. Besides this, they performed with brilliant success certain secret activities into which it is not possible to probe.

The Department nominally came under the policy control of the Foreign Office, but there were various underground attempts to by-pass the Foreign Office policy, and conduct a special Bush House Foreign Policy. These were usually made by Left-Wing enthusiasts, and consisted in attempts to stir up revolutionary forces in

Occupied Europe, in direct contravention of Foreign Office policy. These attempts excited Sir Robert's particular wrath.

Sir Robert, unlike some of his staff, was well aware that the effect of propaganda can be very easily exaggerated. Some of the experts in Bush House made ridiculous claims about the effect of their propaganda in Germany, where, in fact, it produced scarcely any, but its tremendous effect in sustaining morale in Occupied Europe is beyond all doubt. The truth is that it is impossible to make propaganda when you are losing battle after battle. Sir Robert realised this and, during our disastrous early period, he concentrated on factually reporting the news with absolute truth, and so establishing such a reputation for reliability that, when the tide turned, our broadcasts came in with tremendous force, whereas Goebbels had completely shot his bolt, and no one believed a word that issued from his microphones.

Sir Robert's work brought him into contact with almost every figure of national importance, and he describes them in a delightful series of pen-pictures, the most affectionate of which are those of Mr. Bracken and Lord Beaverbrook. His description of the former's visit to Woburn Abbey is a gem, and he rightly stresses Mr. Bracken's wonderful loyalty to his subordinates. He tells a particularly good story of Lord Beaverbrook's encounter with Mussolini. The name of Sir Stafford Cripps had cropped up. Mussolini wanted to know all about him, and asked Beaverbrook:

'I hear he is very clever.'

'Tolerably so,' replied Lord Beaverbrook.

'Is he honest?'

'Certainly.'

'I hear he is rich.'

'Tolerably so.'

'Where does he get his money from?'

'Eno's Fruit Salts,' said Lord Beaverbrook puckishly.

'Ha, ha,' roared Mussolini, 'I owe *my* success to castor oil.'

I warmly recommend this book. It might have been improved by less detail, but it is an engrossing work, and a worthy record of a great enterprise well accomplished.

EVENTS AND SHADOWS

By Lord Vansittart. *Hutchinson*. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by Hunter Diack

In *Events and Shadows* Lord Vansittart puts forward 'a policy for the remnants of a century'. It is a policy which sees Western Europe as a political and economic unit.

Many writers holding different political opinions have advocated a similar policy in the past; but the main point which Lord Vansittart makes is that the first practicable step towards developing a Western Federation is to form 'a co-ordination' or 'integration' of western states which would include this country, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Scandinavia and Italy. Has Germany no oar in this galley? Geographically, yes. But much depends on political developments. 'Political developments' is, of course, almost synonymous with Russia, and about our relations with Russia Lord Vansittart has a great deal to say, the main burden of it being that 'so long as Anglo-Saxons go on bleating "we *must* have good relations with Russia", so long will good Anglo-Russian relations be as impossible as Anglo-German relations, because the Russians,' he adds, 'will simply continue to pile on the stakes, as all good gamblers do when pitted against inferior players.'

Lord Vansittart likes plain thinking and plain writing. The situations about which he writes, however, are much too complicated for thinking far less plain than his. As for his writing, there is in the book none of the solemn humbug which so often appears in diplomatic and foreign affairs generally. The author is determined not to let go of the reader's interest, and it is this very determination which slackens that hold sometimes, for in his efforts to be entertaining he adopts a punning and epigrammatical style which, at its worst, appears in a sentence like this: 'Man's body being seventy-five per cent water, he is naturally fluid in his notions.' There is much to be said for stripping the humbug from current historical writing, but this looks rather like introducing another kind of humbug and certainly it weakens the general effect of this book.

TERESA

Austin K. Gray

The life of Teresa Guiccioli, Byron's last mistress, is here depicted against the rich and crowded background of her times. Her four-year association with Byron made a fittingly dramatic climax to his career, and it was only terminated by his departure for Greece, where he met his death. Thereafter the story of Teresa is followed until her own death many years later. This is a romantic story by virtue of its subject, flamboyant and elegant because of the scenes in which it is set and substantiated by the penetrating interpretation of Teresa. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

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INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO WORLD WARS

By E. H. Carr. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

Messrs. Macmillan are to be congratulated in reprinting Professor Carr's most lucid summary of international relations first published in 1937 under the title *International Relations Since the Peace Treaties*, but one is somewhat at a loss to understand their failure to refer to the enlarged and revised editions of 1940 and 1941. The uninformed reader is thus led to assume that under the new title Professor Carr has added a fresh chapter in 1947, whereas in fact the present issue omits the final chapter of the 1941 edition, contains a few verbal improvements in the other wartime chapter, and further revises the final chapter (The Non-European World) of the 1937 edition—the only chapter to undergo serious revision at any time.

For the rest Professor Carr is prepared to stand or fall by his judgments of 1937—and even to perpetuate his errors as in the statement that 'the payment (*of war debts*) by Great Britain in December 1932 was the last to be made in full by any debtor state', thus ignoring Finland, whose reliability as a debtor did so much to win American sympathy during the late war. But the touch for the most part is so sure, the judgment so sane that one wonders whether the author is not mocking us by repeating in 1947 what he said in 1937; i.e., 'It was unthinkable that anyone would renew the attempt to make Germany pay reparation. A long chapter of history had been closed once and for all.'

Undoubtedly the most valuable chapters are those covering the twenties, the honeymoon period of the between-war years, a period which has so much to teach us at the present time. A generation has grown up with bitter memories of a youth vitiated by the errors of the thirties, but strangely ignorant of the follies of the preceding decade during which, among many other failures, 'the failure of the Allied Powers to disarm justified, or at any rate explained, the rearmament of Germany.'

In short, Professor Carr gives a masterly survey of the relations of European States between the two wars, of the single-minded obstinacy of France, of the wavering and undecided policy of Britain, of the self-seeking of Italy, of Germany's struggle to regain her position as a 'Great Power', and of the fears and problems of the smaller states of Eastern Europe. On the non-European world the treatment is slighter, and in spite of revision, this chapter is still the least satisfactory. J. A. HUTTON

SCIENCE ADVANCES

By J. B. S. Haldane. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Professor Haldane's name stands very high in the world of science. In his latest collection of essays, he once again shows that he is also unequalled among scientific writers for the public. The ease with which he ranges from a discussion of bird migration to the latest news on cancer, or an analysis of the fallacies and dangers inherent in politico-racial theories, not only throws open to the reader the vast storehouses of his knowledge, but also sets a standard in simplicity of exposition that can hardly be emulated. For Professor Haldane succeeds in that almost unknown achievement of making scientific facts fascinating and thrilling in themselves. He can dispense with the false glamour that in so many popular works converts science to some secret mystery.

In another recent collection of essays he gave his scientific readers a lesson on the writing of popular science, and said that it may take twelve hours' reading to produce an intellectually honest article of a thousand words. Professor Haldane, one fears, makes it sound too easy. The ordinary scientist would have to spend far more time than this on his education if he were to cover the wide field over which Professor Haldane's memory and pen play so gracefully. Genius, alas, does not reveal the essential facts of its technique in just a few pages.

Science Advances consists of some eighty essays, none longer than three or four pages, arranged in eight groups, respectively headed: Some Great Men, Animals and Plants, Human Physiology and Evolution, Medicine, Hygiene, Inventions, Soviet Science and Nazi Science, Human Life and Death at High Pressures. Most of the essays were first published in the *Daily Worker* and a few in other journals. In his preface, Professor Haldane expresses the fear that some readers may object to his view that Marxism is the application of scientific method to the widest field so far achieved by man, and his repeated emphasis that scientific discoveries should always be considered in relation to their social implications. Having read the essays, I cannot see anyone objecting to this emphasis. If the book were used as a bedside book, even the staunchest Conservative could sleep peacefully, for Professor Haldane's politics, as expressed in these essays, could hardly disturb any one. His facts, on the other hand, might prove too exciting for sleep.

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CERTIFIED

By H. G. Woodley. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

What a piece of work is man, with his reason gone. Mr. Woodley shows us the other side of the wall, the life of the rambling hinterland of madness, the horrors of the asylum. It is a terrifying picture, and it moves us to humility. Do we care enough, among what seems the greater lunacy, for the people who have been put away? There has been, in recent years, vigorous discussion of the treatment in asylums and the causes of madness but, as Mr. Woodley says, 'To obtain the actual experience, one has no alternative but to become a certified lunatic.'

Mr. Woodley spent nearly a year in an asylum. He was certified as a lunatic—through some process not explained in the book—a sane man among the insane. He was powerless against the authority of the State: he had been certified, and that was that. As a sane man, he realised that to protest his normality would be useless: it was a common trick of lunatics. But Mr. Woodley reports that a doctor found it hard to diagnose his particular form of lunacy. It was the unusual condition of sanity.

He stuck it out, living among the Grand Guignol horrors of the general ward, where patients of all kinds lived together: they are called lunatics. Mr. Woodley says 'I am living with ordinary people, just like you: instead of suffering from appendicitis, pneumonia or measles, they suffer from mania, delusions, hallucinations, melancholia, dementia præcox, epilepsy, G.P.I., etc.' This is a necessary emphasis, in reducing the mentally afflicted to human proportions, for there is still the old mediæval stigma of shame and fear.

Soon Mr. Woodley's normality was recognised by a humane superintendent, and he was allowed special privileges, a room to himself, visits on parole to the nearest town, and so on. But he devoted his time to studying his neighbours in the asylum—the best-selling novelist, a neurasthenic who has drunk himself into the Art Gallery, as he calls it; the melancholic Civil Servant, whose life centres around the Great Sword of China and the Scottish Chain of Office; the man who washes his hands for twenty minutes at a time every day; and the man who, all day long, week after week, sits plucking cobwebs from his face.

Are they all incurable? Could they have been saved? And what treatment are they getting now? Mr. Woodley's book makes us ask these questions. He describes something of the 'treatment': the attendants lose patience with a man who becomes violent. He is doped: Two attendants sat on him, prised open his jaws with spoons, and poured in paraldehyde. Usually the patient would not swallow, so he was punched in the stomach—to the cry of 'punch the old bastard in the guts.'

Who can blame the attendants for violence or apathy? The job should be one demanding very special qualifications. It is, after all, as Mr. Woodley says, a privilege to be sane in the kingdom of the mad. It is a job that calls for qualities of courage and endurance and service. But the public must know. This book will make them know.

Who is going to stay in the asylums, and what are we going to do with the hopelessly incurable, the dribbling parodies of men, set in their madness? There are too many who shouldn't be there at all, and too many outside who should be under treatment and observation. There is as stupid a shame about mental treatment as about the reporting of V.D., and as criminal a neglect of precautions in marriage. We must begin 'at the business end of psychiatry' as Mr. Woodley insists, and must also overhaul the asylum system.

Much of this unforgettable book is hard to swallow: its everyday horrors are unpleasant reading. But it is a book which is needed.

BRUCE BAIN

JOSEPH LISTER

By Rhoda Truax. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

Lister, according to Bernard Shaw, was a half-wit and a menace (readers of *Everybody's What's What* will remember the scorn poured on him and his carbolic acid). W. E. Henley, on the other hand, wrote:

'We hold him for another Herakles,
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease';

while Lord Horder, in an appreciative Foreword to this biography, calls him 'a great saviour of mankind'. Half-wit or saviour?—take your choice; but there is no doubt which viewpoint Miss Truax favours, and her sympathetic account of Lister and his work gives a fairer picture than Shaw's contemptuous belittling.

Joseph Lister began his career as a surgeon at a time when a notable advance had been made in surgery by the discovery of anaesthetics. But the puzzling problem of wound-healing still remained to be solved. Various reasons were given for the shocking frequency with which operational wounds turned septic, the most popular being concerned with supposedly noxious gases peculiar to hospitals. Few thought the lack of cleanliness which was part of surgical tradition had anything to do with it. Lister, however, who had experimented with inflammation in frogs, came increasingly to believe that dirt was the vital factor in sepsis; but it was Pasteur's discovery of microbic infection that finally gave Lister the material upon which to base his own theory of antisepsis. His answer to infection was to prevent the entry of germs into a wound by the liberal use of carbolic acid, and to this end he invented a machine which sprayed the acid into the air during operations and on all occasions when a wound had to be dressed. Later in life Lister began to doubt the value of his spray, and, finally, publicly acknowledged that its use was unnecessary. But mistake though it may have been, it led to the formulation of the aseptic theory that now holds the field in surgery; and the great change from dirt to cleanliness that took place in surgical procedure can be largely credited to Lister.

This is 'popular' biography, with some of the irritations (of imagined conversations, for instance) that generally go with such writing. Nevertheless, Miss Truax writes entertainingly and with sound knowledge of the technicalities of her subject, and the book can be thoroughly recommended to the general reader who knows little of Lister's life and work.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

MENDELSSOHN LETTERS

Paul Elek. 16s.

The present selection of Mendelssohn's letters is the first to be published in England since 1863. They contain no new material which might lead to a fresh assessment of his music or of his place among German composers; but they are valuable for the manner in which they reflect his personality and for the light they throw on the social world of his time.

Fortune smiled on Mendelssohn from his birth. He belonged to a cultured and wealthy Jewish family, and he was brought up as a Protestant, an assimilated Jew who, in his correspondence, shows no sign that he was even aware of the widespread anti-Semitism which plagued the Germany of his day. He was far too preoccupied (and fortunate) with his own career to concern himself with racial problems. Had he been asked, he would have described himself as a German or, better still, a European artist.

Success and acclamation came to him early and easily. And yet, in spite of his occasional conceit and peevishness, which his father did a great deal to forestall, the Mendelssohn of the letters remains a very attractive character—generous, observant and gay. His brilliant talents matured early; he was a musical prodigy at the age of twelve, the 'marvellous boy' whose good looks, charm and ability captivated everyone. A visit at this time to Goethe in Weimar was recorded in a letter to his parents; it contains one of the best pen-portraits in existence of the poet in old age.

'His figure does not strike me as imposing; actually he is not much taller than father; but his bearing, his speech and his name—these are imposing. The sound of his voice is tremendous, and he can shout like ten thousand warriors. His hair is not white yet, his step is firm, his way of speaking is mild.'

A long sequence of letters deals with his numerous visits to England where he became an immediate success. Music, social engagements and sightseeing tours crowd these breathless pages. He loved London, and London had received him with open arms. The account of his visit to the Queen and the Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace is as good as anything in Lytton Strachey.

The selection has been very competently edited by Mr. Selden-Goth and there is a useful index.

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By R. S. Lambert. *Andrew Melrose.* 16s.

Rich though the Victorian age was in extreme individualists, few had a more remarkable life than Henry Wentworth Monk (1827–96) who for forty years wandered the world as a penniless prophet.

Monk devoted his life to a crusade for the return of exiled and sometimes persecuted Jews to Palestine, and 'the establishment of Jerusalem as a world capital and an international government'.

As far back as 1880 this combination of seer and idealist first used the phrase 'United Nations', gave forewarning that, unless the nations could unite in brotherhood, they would be scourged by terrible wars for future world domination. Not so long after his unnoticed death in Canada, the wars came.

Mr. Lambert gives a sympathetic but clear picture of Monk, who at twenty-six literally obeyed Christ's teaching—'Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor'—by relinquishing his share in his father's farm, and vowing never again to earn a penny for himself. As a fo'c'sle sailor he worked his passage from his native Canada to his dreamland Zion where, by chance, he first met Holman Hunt who became a convert to his twin creeds of Zionism and international government.

Inspired by Monk's ideals, Hunt's famous picture, 'The Scapegoat', was meant to convert the world to their way of salvation. The picture failed to deliver its message. Later Hunt introduced Monk to Ruskin, who financed the prophet's early writings. Gradually the critic tired of paying for Monk's London lodgings, and afterwards withdrew his approval and support.

Undaunted, Monk still campaigned for world peace, personally interviewed Abraham Lincoln at the height of the Civil War, and in later years showered his pamphlets on Europe's royal rulers, Church leaders and newspaper editors.

There is something childlike, something heroic almost, about this shaggy man (he had vowed never to cut hair or beard 'till the kingdom of God be come upon earth') whose ideas, condemned as the ravings of a crank, were one hundred years ahead of his time. Mr. Lambert has made of his unusual subject's life and dreams a story as exciting as it is thought-provoking.

JOHN NIVEN

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

By various contributors. *Allan Wingate.* 2s. 6d.

When newsprint was cut, the press made quite certain that its readers should be fully aware of the difficulties that would result. The general public has had far less opportunity, however, of understanding the more serious difficulties, of which paper shortage is but one, with which the book trade has to contend. It is a pleasure, therefore, to welcome and commend this 56-page booklet, in which eighteen men—authors, publishers, booksellers, librarians, printers, binders and others intimately connected in one way or another with books—set forth the facts, and express their views, about the contemporary battle of the books.

The demand for books is now much greater than before the war, due to several causes: destruction of books by enemy action (it is estimated some twenty million volumes were lost in that way), the wartime increase in the reading public which still largely persists, a demand by the demobilised for scientific and technical works necessary for their work or training, and a greatly increased demand for school textbooks. There are three main obstacles preventing the fulfilment of this demand, namely, shortage of paper, shortage of printing and binding machinery, and shortage of skilled workers. The first of these could be the most easily overcome, and there is little excuse for the stubborn and short-sighted attitude of the Government on this point when it is realised that, of all paper produced, books account for only two-and-a-half per cent (54,000 tons out of 2,100,000 in 1946) and that the Stationery Office uses more than all the other publishers put together. At present wrapping paper has a higher priority than that for books! Shortage of machinery is a slightly more ticklish question as much of it normally comes from America. Nevertheless, the position could be eased by a more enlightened and sympathetic policy by the Government. The third difficulty, lack of skilled labour, is in some respects the worst of all, but it would solve itself in time if the other obstacles were removed.

Books admittedly are articles of commerce for publishers, booksellers and the like, but they are so much more than that, that Sir Stanley Unwin, Sir Osbert Sitwell, Mr. Douglas Leighton, Mr. A. D. Peters and the other contributors to the booklet can be unhesitatingly acquitted of any charge of pleading selfishly on their pockets' behalf. Books have always been Britain's particular glory, and today, from whichever point of view they are regarded—as recreation, as education ('it is idiotic,' as a writer in the *New Statesman* so pertinently puts it, 'to give education a high priority and then to deprive teachers and pupils alike of . . . textbooks upon which the whole structure of education depends'), as inspiration, or as exports (and the demand from abroad for our books is gratifyingly large)—they should be deemed essentials whose production it is the duty of the Government to assist in every possible way. This booklet, which explains the present deplorable position fully and forcefully, should be in the hands of every Member of the House of Commons. RAYMOND ANDERSON

THE LITTLE LESS

By A. S. J. Baster. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

At a time when official policy is all out for a drastic increase in output, a publication is to be welcomed which lays open a host of facts and conditions which actually restrict production and trade to a very considerable degree. Mr. Baster very shrewdly summarises all the official, semi-official and private (associative) arrangements relating to these restrictions, and arrives, by digesting an enormous wealth of interesting examples, at some sort of 'political economy of restrictionism'. This restrictionism actually results in the fact that everybody produces a 'little less', yet tries to get a 'little more'. He distinguishes between 'producing less', 'growing less', 'working less', 'transporting less' and 'trading less'.

The very essence of monopoly, quasi-monopolies and restrictive trade practices is involved. Once the formula of selling large quantities at low prices rather than small quantities at high prices is thrown overboard, the economic world is faced with a system of which the final and real victim is the consumer. The rôle of the State in this system sets peculiar problems; the fact that economic reconstruction after the war cannot avoid Government intervention on an embarrassingly large scale increases the opportunities for restrictionism as we have all become aware. In Mr. Baster's very idealistic conception, this position merely enhances the wisdom and the attraction of a logically constant régime of economic freedom. But his suggestions as to how to attain this freedom in practice are unfortunately far less impressive than his pungent criticism of existing restrictionism. Yet, for lovers of freedom this book will be in many ways a revelation and a hope. HERMANN LEVY

Young Ladies 1860. From *History of the Homeland* by Henry Hamilton. No. 4. 'Primers for the Age of Plenty'. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE
Translated by F. W. Bourdillon. 10s. 6d.

TRILBY
By George du Maurier. 16s.

TALES BY TOLSTOY
Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude and by Constance Garnett. 16s.

All published by Cassell for the Folio Society.

The National Book League's exhibitions of book design—there have been two since the war—have proved that the quality of British book production has stood up well to wartime and post-war limitations. Poor paper and economy in its use have, in fact, brought out unexpected ingenuities, and progress has been uninterrupted. British books can still stand up well to those from richer countries.

One factor that has influenced this steady progress in Britain is the work of the private presses. Large-scale commercial publishers in this country have been ready enough to learn from the gifted amateurs and the top-flight professionals—from Kelmscott days onwards—and their books are all the better for it.

Now, with the launching of the Folio Society—publishing their books through Cassell's—comes something of a marriage between the private press and the ordinary commercial publisher. The Society proposes to publish at least eight books a year; they can be bought at the bookshops in the ordinary way, but subscribers who will promise to take at least four a year will be sure of their copies and will receive the magazine, *The Folio*, regularly.

A leaflet on the Society's aims promises 'editions of the world's great literary masterpieces in a format worthy of their contents, at a price within the reach of everyman . . . contemporary artists . . . accent on design and craftsmanship.'

The first three books fulfil most of these promises. Charles Ede, who designed the Tolstoy and shared in the design of the *Aucassin and Nicolette*, has Christopher Sandford as an associate, owner-designer of the Golden Cockerel Press. The Tolstoy and the *Trilby*, biggish books, are dignified without being pompous; the *Aucassin and Nicolette* is graceful without being either fussy or precious. The typography and layout, especially, are admirable. (Two of the three were printed, oddly enough, in Belgium though from type designed in England.)

If the du Maurier pencil drawings for *Trilby* and the Elizabeth Macfadyen drawings for the Tolstoy do not lend themselves so well to printing as Lettice Sandford's delicate decorations for the *Aucassin and Nicolette*, it is only fair to point out that the last-named falls short of being a little gem of book-production by the ugly graining of its white cloth (its cover is white lilies on a blue ground), and the juxtaposition of silver lettering on a white spine.

If one jibs a bit at *Trilby* (to turn from the form of the books to their contents), as one of the promised 'world's great literary masterpieces', it is not only because we have had so many reprints lately; Michael Sadleir damns it pretty comprehensively in his article in *The Folio*, the magazine that accompanies the new books. 'Arch, frolicsome, genteel, and eager to combine hints of promiscuous jollity in very mixed company with anxious assurances that it-was-all-perfectly-respectable-really.' One would have thought, readable as *Trilby* is, that that would have frightened the Folio Society off.

Tolstoy, though, is a different matter, and the six stories here have been well chosen. And nobody could cavil at *Aucassin and Nicolette* as a minor masterpiece; its freshness dates from the springtide of Europe. All three books, in any case, are a joy to handle and to look at; book-lovers who miss them must look out all the more carefully for the Shakespeare sonnets, the Swift, the de Quincey, the *Candide*, and the *Mademoiselle de Maupin* we are promised.

CYRIL RAY

CHESTNUTS IN HER LAP

By C. A. Lejeune. *Phoenix House.* 10s. 6d. net.

When the film, 'Spring is Here', went on the suburban circuits, C. A. Lejeune directed her readers' attention away from it with a single word—'cuckoo'. Anyone else saying that would have been guilty of just another smart comment. Coming from Miss Lejeune, the two brief syllables appear to prop up a whole philosophy of criticism all the more pointed because not explicit. Why should this have been so? Simply because week after week for years C. A. Lejeune has been producing the slickest and sleekest film criticism in this country, and this is as much as to say that for most of her working time she has been applying her considerable talents to the business of finding as many new and interesting ways of saying 'cuckoo' as possible.

This volume contains a selection of the film reviews and articles which she has contributed to the *Observer* during the last ten years, and they make a very fine monument indeed.

It is not very wide of the mark to say that by any standards which count in the long run the only justification for the existence of a great many films is that they are so often the very source and spring of Miss Lejeune's best pieces. When the actors and producers are at their worst, her prose is at its best. It is perhaps a characteristically feminine trait to be at one's brightest and best in showing where others have gone wrong, and every film critic is all the better for a touch of cattiness. There is no other way of writing sensibly about so much of the flungummery.

But, as well as being handy with the hatpin, C. A. Lejeune has an athletic kind of logic and a power of relating the 35 mm. world to the universe in general in a way more usual in men than in women. Add to this a sense of the appropriate word and the fit placing of the phrase and it begins to look as though we are running pretty close to perfection. But in the world of criticism perfection is not to be found, and it must be recorded that there comes now and then a feeling that Miss Lejeune has a box of tricks somewhere handy. One cannot be certain that the directors who tackled a certain subject in 1945 with as much tact as a herd of charging buffaloes will not in 1948 tackle a similar delicate problem with the finesse of a herd of stampeding elephants. But these tricks of technique are easy to live with when they animate such a clear and sane philosophy of life and celluloid.

HUNTER DIACK

THE DERELICT DAY

By Alan Ross. *John Lehmann.* 5s.

Mr. Alan Ross set himself a difficult task when, as a British officer in Occupied Germany, he attempted to convey in verse something of the desolation and frustration of the defeated. Difficult, because even the most generous sympathy cannot identify itself with experience that is beyond its scope; and in these poems Germany is no more than a background, a significant landscape inhabited by creatures never entirely real. Even the apathy of his Displaced Persons, his British soldiers and his German Prisoners of War is not altogether their own: '. . . and touched in the rough darkness with tender compassion or the struggling contact of love, pity the inhuman circumstances which make them unnatural, and feel, most of all, a common sense of futility.' He writes of the occupying troops who 'walk with girls blindly', and so invests them with a mode of sensibility which very few of them will have possessed.

His most successful interpretation of the state of mind most common in post-war Germany is a poem called 'German Race Course': 'Which number will come up?' is its refrain, and here Mr. Ross has escaped from his personal *malaise* and found a symbolic approach to a more general reality. Not apathy, but uncertainty and confusion are the dominant evils.

Both the substance and the form of these poems are somewhat lacking in forcefulness and decision; the words too often tend to insulate, rather than to conduct, experience. Much of the descriptive writing reads like prose: 'I watch the troops emerge from their crowded and cramped quarters, cigarettes burning in mouths, their eyes staring out to sea, clumsily grappling after some equation, with nothing more to understand but merely the plain necessity that breaks into their lives, demanding courage, tact and new acceptance. . . .'

'The Failure', too, is an excellent character study, but hardly a poem.

However, *The Derelict Day* is obviously the work of a sincere poet who is modest enough to dispense with verbal fireworks, moralising and mystification. The book is beautifully produced, and one regrets that Mr. John Minton's cover design has not been assigned a more lasting place.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Books Received

ARCINIEGAS, German (Editor). THE GREEN CONTINENT. *Editions Poetry*. 15s.

An anthology of selections from the writings of more than thirty Latin-American authors—historians, biographers, novelists and essayists.

ARTHUS, Dr. André. THE UNKNOWN WORLD OF THE CHILD. *Paul Elek*. 9s. 6d.

A book for parents—to help them to understand what goes on in the minds of their children. The author is an eminent French psychologist. Translation by Robin Scutt.

BASTIAN, V. A RAT IN MY STOMACH. *Andrew Dakers*. 7s. 6d.

Translated from the German. The rat in the stomach is a rough metaphor for a kind of disease that affected displaced persons in Europe on the march—not hunger itself, but the psychological effect of hunger. Here is the story of a group of men and women thrown together by the common need to escape from concentration camps and death, who survived everything but the actual gnawing of the rat in their stomach.

COVARRUBIAS, Miguel. MEXICO SOUTH: THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC. *Cassell & Co*. 45s.

In this excellently produced book Covarrubias deals with geography, ethnology, anthropology, archaeology, history, economics, plastic arts, literature, music, folklore, religion, food, drink, sex customs, etc. The author is also the illustrator. The book includes full pages in colour and in black-and-white, decorations, an album of photographs by himself and Rose Covarrubias and others, linguistic tables, and an excellent topographical map.

COX, Trenchard. DAVID COX. *Phoenix House*. 15s.

The first biography in the Phoenix House British Painters Series. Contains fifty reproductions in monochrome of work in water-colour, oils, in pen and wash and other media. There are also four full-colour plates.

HANCOCK, Professor W. K. POLITICS IN PITCAIRN. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

The ten essays printed here are a selection from the work of twenty years. They reveal a marked continuity of thought upon three themes—international order and disorder, nationalism, the historian's science and craft.

KAHN, Alfred E. GREAT BRITAIN IN THE WORLD ECONOMY. *Pitman*. 15s.

A comprehensive survey of Britain's progress in internal and international economy.

KELLEY, Douglas M., M.D. 22 CELLS IN NUREMBERG. *W. H. Allen*. 9s. 6d.

Dr. Douglas Kelley, the official psychiatrist to Nuremberg gaol, with his staff spent five months interviewing and testing Goering, Ribbentrop, Hess and the other nineteen prisoners awaiting trial in Nuremberg gaol. This book supplies an answer to the question: What manner of men were these?

KENNINGTON, Alan. PASTURES NEW. *Andrew Melrose*. 9s. 6d.

An amusing, satirical novel . . . the odyssey of two young and eager Americans, a girl and a boy, who come up to the Oxford of today from the Middle West. Through their eyes we see Oxford, Brighton, cricket, and other facets of life in post-war England.

LAYTON, T. A. DINING ROUND LONDON. *Noel Carrington*. 2s. 6d.

Decorations by Susanne Einzig.

LINCOLN, Victoria. THE WIND AT MY BACK. *Faber & Faber*. 8s. 6d.

Three short novels by the author of February Hill.

MOORE, Reginald (Editor). MODERN READING 16. *Phoenix House*. 6s.

A skilfully exposed cross-section of what is happening at the pens of famous and less famous authors. Reginald Moore, from the hundreds of manuscripts which flow into his hands each quarter, has selected a balanced collection of stories, poems and essays. This contains contributions by F. L. Green, Pamela Hansford Johnson, Jack Aistrop, Ton Hanlin, Sherwood Anderson, Rupert Croft-Cooke, Olivia Manning, etc.

MORAVIA, Alberto. THE FANCY DRESS PARTY. *Secker & Warburg*. 8s. 6d.

A story which deals with a dictator, his Secret Police, his mistress and a plot against his life. This novel was suppressed by the Fascist authorities in 1941.

ORION, A Miscellany. Edited by Denys Kilham Roberts. *Nicholson & Watson*. 8s. 6d.

A literary periodical which contains contributions by Edward Sackville-West, William Samson, Edith Sitwell, Walter de la Mare, Graham Greene, Stephen Bone, Osbert Sitwell, etc.

PAINTINGS OF GRAHAM BELL. *Lund Humphries*. 6s.

With an Introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark. Twenty plates.

PATERSON, Dorothy (Compiler). WOMAN. *Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co*. 5s.

A neat little collection of verse concerning Woman, 'one of nature's agreeable blunders'.

PHELPS, G. H. (Editor). LIVING WRITERS. *Sylvan Press*. 8s. 6d.

'Living Writers' was the title of a series of talks given in the Third Programme, in which leading critics discussed some of their contemporaries. Contributions include Rose Macaulay on E. M. Forster, Dylan Thomas on Walter de la Mare, Geoffrey Grigson on Wyndham Lewis, V. S. Pritchett on George Orwell, etc.

POUNDS, N. J. G., M.A., PH.D. AN HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE. *Harrap.* 25s.

With 162 maps. Dr. Pounds' survey follows the course of history up to the present day, tracing human migrations, changes in frontiers, and the vacillating fortunes of mighty empires, along with a description of vital influences such as climate, need of food, and natural features which have provided both direction and barriers.

RICHTER, Conrad. SMOKE OVER THE PRAIRIE and other stories. *T. V. Boardman.* 9s. 6d.

SACKVILLE-WEST, Edward (Compiler). AND SO TO BED. *Phoenix House.* 12s. 6d.

Under the title of this book the B.B.C. Home Service instituted during the war a short-term feature consisting of five-minute, late night readings of poetry and prose. From the material used in those broadcasts, Edward Sackville-West has made a distinguished collection to provide an attractive bedside book.

STIBBE, Philip. RETURN VIA RANGOON. *Newman Wolsey.* 9s. 6d.

Foreword by Frank Owen.

Drafted with a new batch of officers to India, Philip Stibbe, former Oxford Undergraduate, found himself a Chindit, a member of Wingate's celebrated 'circus', fighting in the Burma campaign. This book is his record of that gallant adventure, and a moving description of his prolonged incarceration in different Japanese prison camps. Illustrated with photographs and maps.

SUDDABY, Donald. MASTERLESS SWORDS. *T. Werner Laurie.* 8s. 6d.

Here the reader is given three variations on the theme that great men may be corrupted by their lust for more power and more glory. First, Alexander the Great, and then Sir Francis Drake—the one a victim to his own self-grandeur, the other a tormented being whom the urge for discovery would not permit to stand still—are presented with historical and imaginative skill. In the third part the author guides the reader into a shadowy, symbolic world of the future where men divide against the women and, for the sake of domination, wreak war upon them.

TEAGUE, Walter Dorwin. DESIGN THIS DAY. *Studio Ltd.* 35s.

With 128 magnificent photographs. Mr. Teague is the first President of the American Society of Industrial Designers, and one of the outstanding leaders in this new profession. His services are retained by many of the great producers and distributors of the United States and his list of successes is ormidable.

TODD, Ruthven. OVER THE MOUNTAIN. *Falcon Press.* 8s. 6d.

An allegorical novel.

WADIA, A. S. THE ROMANCE OF RHODESIA. *Dent.* 21s.

Impressions of a sight-seeing tour to Southern and Northern Rhodesia via Seychelles, Mombasa, Zanzibar and Dar-Es-Salaam. Illustrated with sixteen photographs by the author.

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Cross-Section

OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

United States of Europe

THE dream of a United States of Europe is not new. Over 130 years ago Napoleon gave it attention before he decided that it was easier to conquer Europe than to get them to unite. Another figure of this age, of the calibre of Churchill, who once projected it, with the proviso that it should be a United Socialist States of Europe, is Trotsky. There is still in existence a booklet (in French) in which are printed three lectures delivered by Trotsky round about 1925 on the United States of Europe which still make interesting reading.

(*a*) The Imperialist War (1914–18) marks the end of the historic primacy of European civilisation on a world scale, and its reduction to the rôle of an economic vassal of the U.S.A.

(*b*) The U.S.A., as the economic master of the planet, will place Europe on 'short rations'.

(*c*) America as a financial, as a 'pacific' Imperialism, can enlist the support of the Colonial Peoples against Britain and France.

(*d*) The only historically progressive solution to the present impasse of European civilisation, which itself arises from the decay of Capitalism, is the 'United Socialist States of Europe', linking up via a revolutionary Russia with the revolutionary Colonial People of the East.

Shortly after Trotsky delivered these lectures, America came to Germany's rescue through the Dawes and Young Plans, which helped materially in the financial regeneration of Europe, and proved a sharp set-back to that revolutionary Communism of which Trotsky was the chief apostle. America's aid contributed not a little to his defeat in the struggle with Stalin. If the Dawes and Young Plans were measured in hundreds of millions of pounds, the Marshall Plan will have to be in the category of thousands of millions to prevent the disintegration of Europe. *Trek*

Two Ways of Thinking

THE world debate of our days is not so much between 'ideologies' as between ways of thinking. This is the conclusion at which our deputy on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, Mr. Frederick Osborn, has arrived, after a fruitless eight months' effort to reach an agreement with the Russians.

As he expressed it in an address at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Penn.: One side believes that the world can be brought into a consistent authoritarian system unchanging in its nature; that this end is so desirable that any means is justified in attaining it. The other side believes that change is of the very essence of advance, that we are struggling toward new forms of society, measuring each gain by objective data gauged on human benefits, and that, since no man is wise enough to see the end clearly, we can never justify our acts if they depart from the moral law laid down through ages of experience. *New York Times*

How Strong is Russia?

THE future of Soviet power may not be by any means as secure as Russian capacity for self-delusion would make it appear to the men in the Kremlin. That they can keep power themselves, they have demonstrated. That they can quietly and easily turn it over to others remains to be proved.

Meanwhile, the hardships of their rule and the vicissitudes of international life have taken a heavy toll of the strength and hopes of the great people on whom their power rests. It is curious to note that the ideological power of Soviet authority is strongest today in areas beyond the frontiers of Russia, beyond the reach of its police power.

This phenomenon brings to mind a comparison used by Thomas Mann in his great novel *Buddenbrooks*. Observing that human institutions often show the greatest outward brilliance at a moment when inner decay is in reality furthest

advanced, he compared the Buddenbrook family, in the days of its greatest glamour, to one of those stars whose light shines most brightly on this world when in reality it has long since ceased to exist. And who can say with assurance that the strong light still cast by the Kremlin on the dissatisfied peoples of the western world is not the powerful afterglow of a constellation which is in actuality on the wane?

This cannot be proved. And it cannot be disproved. But the possibility remains that Soviet power, like the capitalist world of its conception, bears within it the seeds of its own decay, and that the sprouting of these seeds is well advanced.

Figaro, Paris

Grain and Politics

THERE is no world grain deficit in reality. It has been invented to serve the grasping economic and political ends of the monopoly groups of American capital. Even in pre-war years, when the exporting countries managed to sell far from all their grain surpluses in foreign markets—and with the greatest difficulty at that—misinformation on the subject of harvest prospects was a customary thing.

What is the purpose of this misinformation today?

The effort to make it seem that resources for export are lacking (on the plea of 'rebuilding' stocks or on other excuses) is actuated in the first place by a desire to make grain shipments an instrument of political pressure on countries which—as a result of the war—are badly short of food. Another purpose is to maintain grain export prices at the present exceedingly high level.

Obviously, the more limited the exports of wheat, and the greater the gap between demand and supply, the sharper is the political weapon afforded nowadays by 'food relief'—that being the official designation of the sale of surplus grain at fabulous prices. Hence a policy of so regulating exports that the demand should not be fully met. Grain balance estimates which stress the inevitability of a big wheat deficit (such are the estimates of the International Emergency Food Council) fully accord with the interests of the big exporters, helping to keep up quotations in the world grain market.

Pravda, Moscow

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Literature in Spain

I WAS surprised by the large amount of foreign, predominantly English, literature which in original and translated editions can be freely bought in any bookshop in a Spanish town. Certain kinds of books are, of course, banned from Spain and the reader does not enjoy the same freedom of choice as in democratic countries, and foreign newspapers are rare and obviously selected by the censor. Though the Spanish authorities endeavour as much as they can to control sources of information from abroad and try to impose a definite political control on reading matter reaching the Spanish public, it cannot be said that the educated Spaniard is imprisoned in a cultural strait-jacket; with some perseverance and will, he can find out what is really happening in the world.

To give examples of the kind of books and papers reaching Spain from abroad now, let me show you what is exhibited in an ordinary street stall. There you find the type of literature officially sanctioned and openly sold—but many books and papers which the authorities have put on the black list still do reach Spain clandestinely and with luck one can buy them in the same stall if one is insistent and does not look like a 'franquiste'. One can only buy, for example, General Eisenhower's book, *History of the War*, well translated and prominently displayed everywhere. It was a great success on the market. A record edition in Spanish was achieved by the translation of the *Diary of Count Ciano*, and a story infuriating the vain Spanish ex-Foreign Minister, Serano Suñer, only added to its popularity. The bulk of foreign political literature allowed in Spain is, however, composed of books with an anti-Soviet bias. Leon Trotsky is perhaps the author the Spanish authorities like most today. His book *Stalin and His Crimes* can be found even in the most illiterate Spanish village in the south. But also American ex-Ambassador to Moscow, Mr. William Bullitt's book, *The Great Globe Itself*, is popular for its 'revelations' of the Soviet danger. And finally the books by ex-Soviet agents, White Russians and other notorious opponents of the Soviet régime are widely distributed throughout Spain.

Political books are, however, by far the smaller part of literature the Spanish people seem to like. Of course, since the public knows that politics are not free and that it is not allowed to choose any political book it likes, it chooses novels, fiction and purely escapist

literature which is on the decline in most of the democratic countries. Thus you will be shocked to find a mass of Wild West stories of the cheapest sort predominating in almost every bookshop. This is the 'popular literature' in Spain today. Fortunately, the Spanish intelligentsia has discovered something else worth while reading. I was glad to see Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down* and a number of modern English authors, like Somerset Maugham, Aldous Huxley, P. C. Wren and even Priestley well displayed in many a Spanish bookshop. Also Stefan Zweig's and Franz Werfel's books seem to be much appreciated. British literature, more than any other, seems to have won the affection of the Spanish public.

Central European Observer

Freedom of Choice?

An analysis of the Union's prison population shows that 84 per cent of the inmates of South African jails had the option of a fine and only 16 per cent were sentenced to imprisonment without the option. The South African prison authorities are none too pleased at this state of affairs, which, they say, suggests that in far too many cases culprits are given sentences in which the fine and the alternative period of imprisonment bear little relation to each other or to the individual's earning capacity. For instance, a native who is fined forty shillings or seven days' hard labour almost invariably prefers to do the seven days rather than pay the fine unless he is earning more than £8 a month. The disproportion is not confined to natives. The figures show that of the jail population of all races and both sexes, the numbers who could not or would not pay their fines are considerably greater than those who had no option but to go to jail. The unwelcome result is that the Union's prison population is double that of Great Britain, though the country's total population is only a quarter the size.

South Africa

Beer or Bread?

Bavaria is going to introduce a new rationing system for beer. Units for beer will be interchangeable with bread units. One litre (*c.* 2 pints) of beer will be equivalent to 20 grams (a little less than one ounce) of bread.

German Affairs

Music Hall

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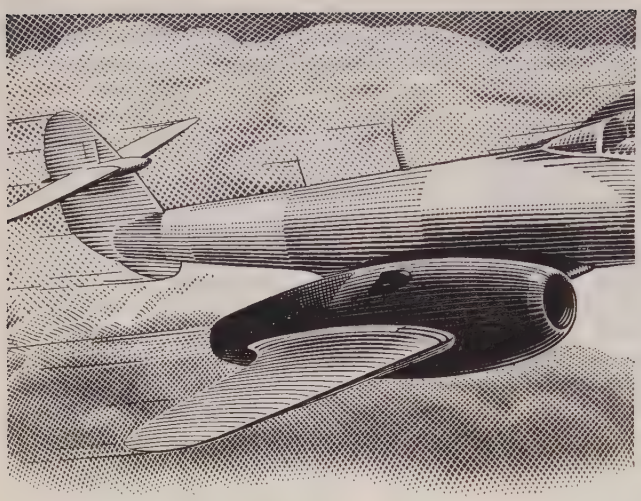

A HOT SUBJECT

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Insulin from Whales

According to Norwegian press reports, scientists will accompany the Norwegian factory ship, *Thorshavet*, to the Antarctic, for the purpose of supervising the extraction of insulin from whales. It is believed that large quantities of insulin can be obtained from this source.

Press Bulletin, Norway

The Mechanical Brain

A mechanical brain, which is declared by railwaymen to be 'absolutely fool-proof and accident-proof', is now operating in Winnipeg. Known simply as 'NX', this device is the property of the Canadian Pacific Railway. From now on it will electrically control all switches for incoming and outgoing western trains. First of its kind in Canada, it was recently exhibited by Mr. A. Davies, prairie region signal engineer, and Mr. L. H. Hawkins, signal supervisor.

The 'brain' is housed in a new modern signal tower in the centre of the main freight yards. 'NX' (entrance-exhibit interlocking system) eliminates 72 hand levers used in the old switching system. No matter how complicated the switching may be, only two buttons on the 'NX' control board need be pushed. For the same job, the railwaymen explained, 24 hand levers had to be pulled.

Canada's Weekly

Business as Usual

Marine life is again in full flourish where the above-water and below-water atom bombs were exploded in Operation Crossroads in July 1946. Back in Washington from the Navy's Bikini Scientific Resurvey, Dr. Leonard P. Schultz, curator of fishes at the Smithsonian Institution, reported that Pacific Ocean fishes had completely repopulated Bikini lagoon.

If sterility is a consequence of atomic radiation, as has been widely suspected, it was of little practical effect against the fishes' reproductive rate. Schultz saw the sea urchin spawning in normal fashion; the goby building its nest in the coral; the female coconut crab dipping her egg-laden tail into the water. No matter how many organisms were killed, fecund life had restocked the waters, and fishing was good. Schultz's catch included a barracuda, a 10-foot manta, and three kinds of shark. And even the corals, which create such islands as Bikini, were budding as usual.

Newsweek

'William Tell' (1947 version)

LA FRANCE

The Korean Problem

There is something like deadlock in regard to the future of Korea. The iron curtain that separates the two portions of the country, administered respectively by the Russians and the Americans, has not been lifted. A Russian proposal that the situation should be ended by the withdrawal of both occupying forces has not proved acceptable for obvious reasons.

Since both parties have expressed anxiety to see Korea independent, this suggestion from the Russian side seemed to put the Soviet in the right. It placed the onus of continued occupation upon the Americans, and in that way left them open to reproach from the Koreans anxious to take over the administration of their own affairs.

But the fact is that since the occupation the Russians have been so successful in fostering Communism among the population in the area they have occupied that a general withdrawal would leave the Communists in power in the whole country. Independence would exist only in name; there would be a government looking to Moscow for its orders. How that eventuality is to be prevented, it is not easy to see.

Great Britain and the East

IT is silly to talk of a set having "perfect reproduction". Scientifically speaking there is no such thing. And, from a plain commonsense viewpoint, who decides what is 'perfect'? No two people have the same hearing sense. One person's 'rich and mellow' is another's 'thick and syrupy'. The most the radio engineer can do is to get as near accurate reproduction as he can and leave you to decide if that's what you want.

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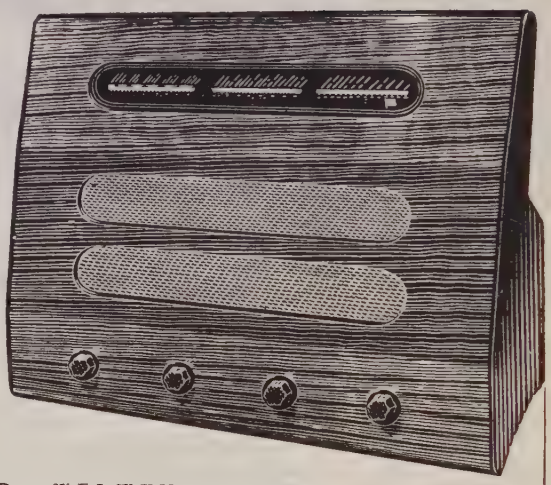

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Law and Order

In Indianapolis, Russell Mitchell broke a crutch, stumbled, fell down a flight of stairs at a store, bashed his head, was quickly arrested for using profanity.

Time

Nice Kind Pet

Although it is sometimes said that camels are never really wild, it is a fact that the camel rarely, if ever, becomes attached to its master. At times they can be docile, but periodically they have violent fits of rage and can be a menace to those in their immediate neighbourhood. Cases have been recorded where they have thrown a man down and then rolled backwards and forwards over his body. At other times they have bitten the top off a man's head.

Aden Observer

Slave Traffic

For some time past rumours have been in circulation concerning the existence of a traffic which one had imagined to belong to an era long past. The rumours, to which it was at first difficult to give credence, were at the outset contained in the form of end paragraphs in the daily press, the indispensable little four and five line items so beloved of sub-editors for completing columns when press time is near at hand.

Recently, however, a Services newspaper has come out into the open with an article headed 'British Subjects Sold as Slaves.' The article purports to show how Arab slave dealers are once again plying their noisome trade between Africa and Arabia, on such a scale that the number estimated 'must total thousands in a year.'

The claim is made that the price of the slaves is '£80 for a strong man and £40 for a woman', and that most of the slavers' cargo comes from Central and West Africa. Despite the efforts of the British Navy, says the article, there was always, even during the war, a trickle of slaves going across the Red Sea from the Sudan, although the Navy maintained an anti-slavery patrol. The existence of the patrol kept the number down to a mere handful, as the risks were too great, but now, the article claims, with Red Sea naval strength sadly depleted, the risks are greatly reduced and Arabs with money to spend are buying slaves . . . the men for work and the women to become dancing girls and for more dubious fates.

West African Review

The Future is YOURS Prepare for it NOW

What about your future? What of the new great world of today? There are marvellous opportunities, but only for those who have had specialized training. One thing is certain—there is not, and never will be, a worth-while place for the untrained.

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Treatment of an existing Cold.
Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up the attack in 3 to 4 days. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN *Regd.*

FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS

What—Again!

A REMARKABLY similar accident to that reported in last month's *Review* (when a man hunting in the bush at Umuhu Ezinachi shot his own brother in mistake for an animal) is reported from Ilano. This time the victim was a young girl—Felicia Soko.

Felicia had climbed a kola tree to pluck kola nuts when Adiran Edun, from the same village, mistaking her for a monkey, took aim and fired. Felicia fell down, seriously injured, and Edun, discovering his mistake, at once reported to the police. The girl was taken to Abeokuta General Hospital.

West African Review

Drink and Crime

DENMARK is to carry out a long-term investigation into the influence of alcohol on crime. The survey, which will last four or five years, was sponsored by the Minister of Justice and is believed to be the first of its kind in the world.

New York Herald Tribune

Le Coq d'Or

MR. ROY MARKSTROM, a farmer of Sidmouth, twenty-one miles south of Revelstoke, B.C., found a gold nugget worth $3 in the crop of one of his roosters. His neighbours are now very interested in discovering where the bird found the gold!

Canada's Weekly

Your 'Lifeline'

THE old saying, 'the longer the belt line, the shorter the life line', is backed by medical statistics. 'For every inch the waist measurement is greater than the chest measurement, a person may subtract two years from his life expectancy,' Dr. A. C. Ivy of the University of Illinois warned at a nutrition conference in Chicago.

Life insurance figures show that the mortality of the distinctly obese is more than 1.5 per cent greater than that of people with average weight for their height.

'At least 15 per cent of our population . . . [weighs] 20 pounds more than they should,' Dr. Ivy said. Many of these fat people try to blame their condition on an 'inherited appetite'. To Dr. Ivy this is an easy and inaccurate explanation of a dangerous physical state. 'Appetite is a learned rather than inherited aspect of food behaviour,' he pointed out.

Time

WHICH ARE YOU?

Do you find that life is crushing your hopes and your ambition? Everything you tackle seems too big. You know you have the potentialities to succeed, and yet you find it impossible to cope with the multitude of difficulties that harass your endeavours. There may be certain weaknesses which retard your progress; doubts, fears, lack of concentration or similar common failings which undermine individual effort. You naturally envy the man who, by his poise and personality and his ability to think clearly, forges ahead and achieves success in his work and in his social life.

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Dehydration?

AN extremely well-preserved reindeer with a stone arrow, estimated by experts to be at least 4,000 years old, protruding from its breast, has been discovered in a Norwegian glacier melted by record summer heat, according to the newspaper *Verdens Gang* here.

New York Herald Tribune

Mink a Menace

SINCE mink escaped from local mink farms, they have multiplied so prodigiously in the forests around Oslo that a reward of ten shillings is to be offered for each one shot. It is the local Fish Board that has proposed this—to help preserve the fresh-water fish stocks. Mink are great fish eaters.

Press Bulletin, Norway

Why Skirts are Longer

THE mystery of why changes are being made at this time in women's styles is turning out to be a simple matter of business. The men in the apparel industry took a look at the graphs on their sales charts and dropped the hem line to the same level. They devised the 'new look' as a way of enticing trade.

An analysis of the situation showed that the physical volume of sales was running 22 per cent below last year. Moreover, in spite of a larger production of higher-priced lines, the dollar volume of sales was falling off, too. And this at a time when women had more money to spend than ever before. Obviously, it was an unusual problem.

The rising cost of living was altering the nation's spending habits. The clothing budget was getting a smaller part of the family's dollar. Food prices were leaving the housewife with less money to spend for her clothes. Automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, all kinds of durable goods that the family had waited for were pressing in.

The women's apparel industry was caught in the squeeze. The apparel industry was up against a novel kind of competition. It had to devise a different way to entice sales. A change in styles was the answer. And so American women are getting the 'new look'.

United States News

SAVE TIME—TRAVEL TO IRELAND
THE **EASY** WAY

Think of it — travelling to Ireland in 90 minutes. No fuss, no queues for you or your family when you go to Ireland this easy way — by fast dependable Irish Air Lines. Speed in comfort from London to Dublin in 90 minutes — and enjoy yourself all the way. Six flights daily. Also fast frequent service on Ireland's national airline to Dublin from Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow and to Belfast from Liverpool. See your regular travel agent for information and bookings.

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'I've been so alone, and by myself, too'
SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

Real Jungle Economy

EVERY business man is able to tell stories of strange happenings in the jungle of public Departments and Directorates.

Börsen, Denmark

Short Cut!

SEÑOR M. MARTIN SANABRIA claims to have discovered a new method of teaching children to read and write in twenty-eight days. This revolutionary way of teaching has been successfully tried out in various Spanish schools.

Spain

Twin Sisters

ALL distinctions of caste and creed, high and low, rich and poor, have been banished in our new constitution. But the banishment may not remain on paper only. It is banishment in action of all the inequalities and hatred that have marred the fabric of our society that will eventually bring in rule of the law of love. And when that comes, Pakistan and the Indian Union will be as twin sisters, indivisible and working hand in hand for the amelioration of the masses of the Greater India and eventually for its geographical reunion too.

Then there are the vital problems relating to production and the raising of the standard of living so intimately interwoven with the refashioning gradually of our whole economic structure which must be placed on a sound and moral basis.

Indian Information

On the Way to Heaven

TWO gendarmes recently stopped a funeral procession which had come from the French frontier on the road from Ingweiller to Ernod. There were no relatives accompanying the hearse, so the police became suspicious, and opened it. Inside they found, instead of a corpse, a well-fatted calf lying surrounded by butter and fruits of all kinds. The driver has been sent to prison and the consignment confiscated.

Paris-Soir

Get Me?

IN Cheektowaga, N.Y., Homeowner Walter Pietrzak sat down and wrote to the Town Board: 'I want my street fixed, it is a lousy street. I want a sign on it too. That street is really bad. Fix it because it needs fixing. You must fix it because if you don't I will not pay any tax. Fix it. Please fix it. It needs fixing very bad.'

Time

The Last Word

WHEN I say (on the authority of Sir Henry Dale, President of the British Association), that di-isopropylfluorophosphonate has proved very effective in annulling the action of cholinesterase, I am sure my readers will feel sure there is nothing to be added.

JANUS in the *Spectator*

Wanted

(1) TWO intelligent young men as agents in training. Must be smart and ambitious and be prepared to pay a deposit of £10 each. Terms are reasonable.—EDITOR.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

(2) YOUNG lady for part-time office work; previous experience not essential if smart appearance and interested in dancing. . . . Send fullest particulars to. . . .

Lancashire Daily Post

News!

WITH his formidable collection of facts Mr. Scheinfeld well and truly establishes his point that there is a biological difference between men and women.

The New Statesman and Nation

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